






Theresa Bunge.

Mailville,

June.







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THE IRIS

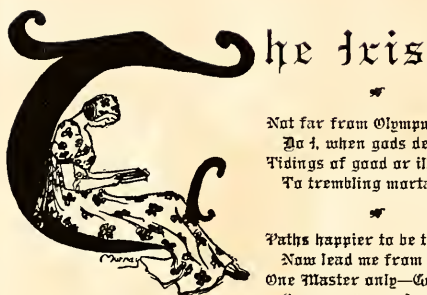
WARDS
SEMINARY



ANNUAL

VOLUME IV.

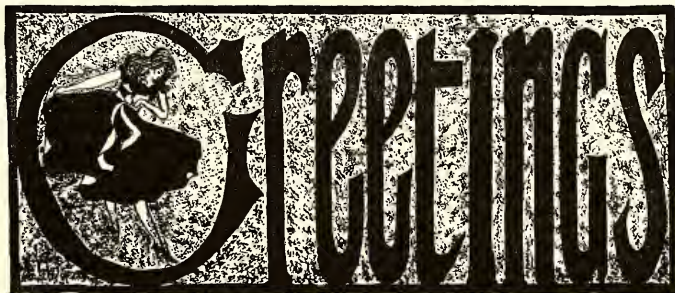
CLASS 1902.



he Iris

Nat far from Olympus still
Do I, when gods declare,
Tidings of good or ill
To trembling mortals bear.

Paths happier to be trod
Now lead me from above,
One Master only—God ;
One message only—Love.



Dedication

To

Mary Miller Blanton,

In loving remembrance,

Do we,

the Class of 1902,

Dedicate this book



THE
IRIS

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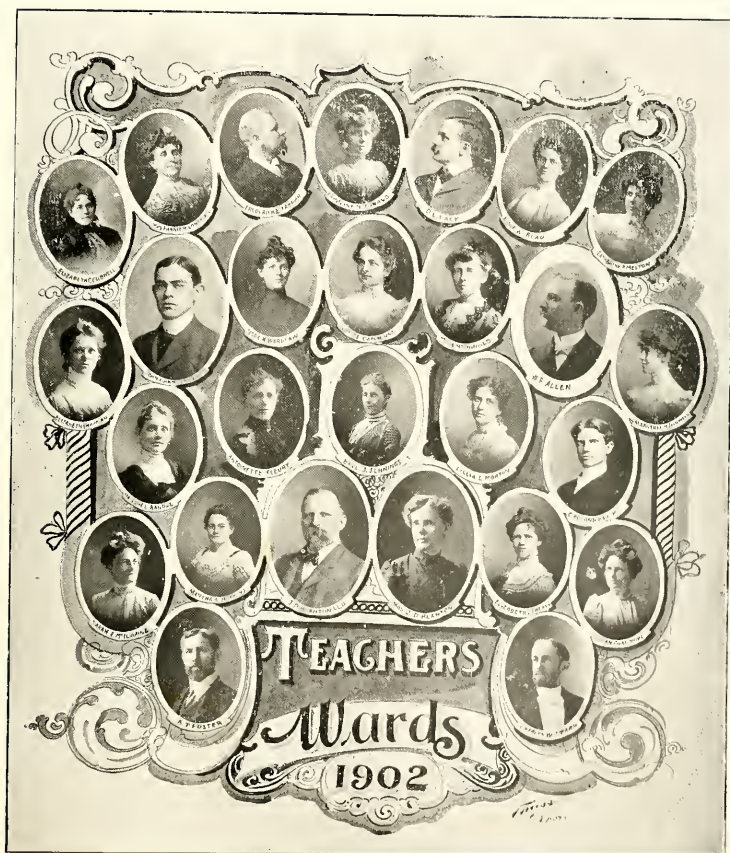
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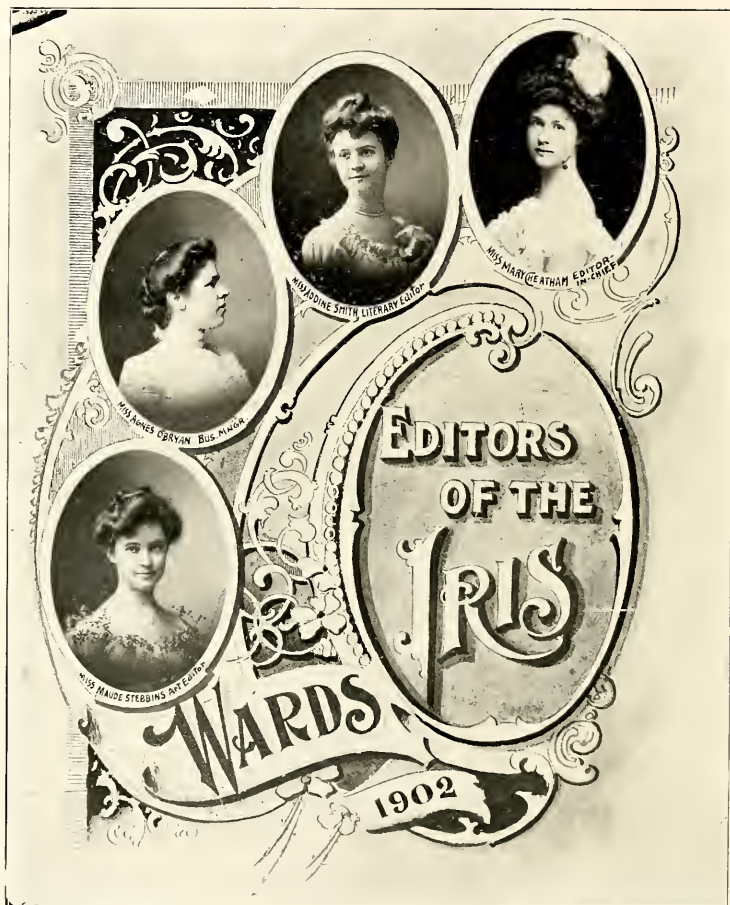
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MISS ELIZABETH CHAPMAN

One who, through genuine love and deep understanding of the best in literature, has created for her pupils and friends a new and wonderful world; a creation, too, which must live because of the strong personality behind it. In the future, as in the past, her influence will ever be our inspiration.

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CLASS EVOLUTION



The
New
Arrival



A
Year
Later



Miss
Junior



Miss
Senior

SENIORS



Motto:
Loyauté m'oblige.

Colors:
Green and Gold.

Flower:
Marechal Niel Rose.



OFFICERS

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THE
IRAS
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Mabel Murray



A SENIOR'S HEAD



ALCORN, SOPHIA KINDRICK,

VICE REGENT OF DELTA SIGMA, 1902;
VICE PRESIDENT OF KENTUCKY CLUB, 1902.

"She smiled, and I could not but love."

BERRY, EMMA HORATIA.

"As merry as the day is long."

BORDEN, ALICE,

PRESIDENT OF THE TEXAS
CLUB, 1902; TREASURER OF
STUDIO CLUB, 1902.

"But—O!—she dances such a
way;
No sun upon Easter Day
is half so fine a sight."

CARROLL, MARTHA ELIZABETH.

"Good nature and good sense must
ever join."

CHEATHAM, MARY,

PRESIDENT OF SOPHOMORE CLASS, 1890-1900;
PRESIDENT OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-1901;
PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS, 1901-1902.
EDITOR IN CHIEF OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"A soul of power, a well of lofty
thought."

DuBOSE, CAROLYN WADE.

SECRETARY OF SHAKESPEARE CLUB, 1902.

"Human face divine."

DUNBAR, BESSIE GIBBS.

"A face with gladness overspread;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

GLENN, ELIZABETH.

TREASURER OF SOPHOMORE
CLASS, 1899-1900; TREASU-
RER OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-
1901; TREASURER OF SEN-
IOR CLASS, 1901-1902.

"Gentle of speech, be-
neficent of mind."

HART, KATHERINE.

"To see her is to love her."

HEFLEY, BESSIE CLAIRE.

SECRETARY OF D. H. D. CLUB, 1902;
TREASURER OF CHAFING DISH CLUB, 1902;
VICE PRESIDENT OF TEXAS CLUB, 1902.

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."



HUGHES, MARY KENDRICK.

"Dark eyes, eternal soul of pride,
Deep life in all that's true."

JONAS, FEDORA,

DIPLOMA PIANO.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

McBRIDE, ESSIE.

"Officious, innocent, sincere;
Of every friendless name,
the friend."

MEEKS, LORAINÉ.

"Flippant, pert, and full of play."

MUNFORD, JOSEPHINE UNDERWOOD.

"Now tell me the reason, I pray."

THE
IRIS
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MURRAY, MABEL.

"Who knows nothing base,
fears nothing known."

NUNNELLY, ANNIE BALDWIN,

TREASURER OF D. Q. R. CLUB, 1902;
TREASURER OF TENNESSEE CLUB, 1902.

"A character so merciful, so strong,
so good, so patient, peaceful,
loyal, loving, pure."

OLIVE, ALICE LUCILE.

"The dimple that thy chin
contains has beauty in
its roundness."

THE
IRIS
- 20 -



O'BRYAN, AGNES TRABUE.

BUSINESS MANAGER OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"Worth, courage, honor—
These, indeed, your sustenance and
birthright are."

PECK, SADIE BUCKNER.

"She hath a daily beauty in her life."

PIERSON, LUCY ADELAIDE.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

RHEA, ANNE.

"Amber-dropping hair."



RICE, NITA,

DIPLOMA VOICE.

"Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms."

ROGERS, LUCILE VINCENT.

PRESIDENT OF TENNESSEE CLUB, 1902.

"Mirth, admit one of thy crew."

ROGERS, JANE MORAN.

VICE PRESIDENT OF D. H. D. CLUB, 1901-1902.

"Zealous, yet modest."

ROTHROCK, KATHERINE.

"What strength in meekness!"

SCRUGGS, THEODORA COOLEY.

"The hearts that dare
Are quick to feel."

SIMS, TOM KITTRELL.

PRESIDENT OF SHAKESPEARE
CLUB, 1902; PRESIDENT OF D.
Q. R. CLUB, 1902.

"The mind, the music breath-
ing from her face."

SMITH, ADDINE DEFOREST.

LITERARY EDITOR OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"Grace was in all her steps; heaven, in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love."

STEBBINS, MAUDE E.,

TREASURER OF WHEEL CLUB, 1900;
SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF LOUISIANA CLUB, 1900;
SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF PHENICIAN CLUB, 1902;
ART EDITOR OF "THE IRIS," 1902.

"She was a phantom of delight."



TAMBLE, LENA P.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn."

TALLY, ELIZABETH,

SECRETARY OF ALABAMA CLUB, 1902.

"Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."



TILLMAN, JANE SMITH,

VICE PRESIDENT OF SOPHOMORE CLASS, 1899-1900; VICE PRESIDENT OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-1901; VICE PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS, 1901-1902.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

WALSII, NELLY M.

"The pink of courtesy."

WATERFIELD, RUTH

"An image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

WILLIAMS, LILLIAN MAY,

DIPLOMA PIANO; TREASURER OF ST. CECILIA CLUB, 1901; CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF ST. CECILIA CLUB, 1902; PRESIDENT OF D. H. D. CLUB, 1901-1902.

"A hidden soul of harmony."

WILSON, MAUD,

SECRETARY OF JUNIOR CLASS, 1900-1901; SECRETARY OF SENIOR CLASS, 1901-1902; VICE PRESIDENT OF ST. CECILIA CLUB, 1902; SECRETARY OF TEXAS CLUB, 1902.

"Thou hast the patience and faith of a saint."

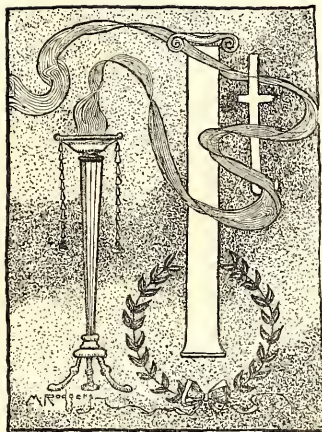


HENDERSON, MARGARET,

"There is a garden in her face."



Senior Prophecy



was the last night of the house party. Some of the girls in the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two had met for the first time since they separated at that commencement. I had never experienced a more pleasant visit from my friends than I had from these girls. On that night, as we drew our chairs, sofa pillows, and the like, up to the fire in order to hear about the various and sundry things the girls had been doing, a feeling of sadness seemed to dwell over the group. Just a few of the girls, considering the fact that there were thirty-seven in the class, were with me; so we decided that each one should tell about those of whom

she chanced to know. Lucy, that dear and well-beloved friend, had been with me since the preceding August; so I had no trouble in letting the girls know her thoughts and plans. I very soon found out, however, that they—on their short visits, even—had learned that she was just as fond of Ward as ever. Her tenderness and gentleness had won for her a host of friends, but she thought most of the ones she had known and loved while in school at Nashville. Though five years had elapsed since that time, we all felt that a midnight feast, a “gym.,” a dance, or any of the “enjoyables” we had at Ward, would have been more than acceptable to us.

Ruth Warterfield amused us no little by telling of her trip abroad. She still spoke in that same quick, witty way. On her trip she met Count —, and they had taken quite a fancy to each other. Her sister had chaperoned the party, and, on seeing the at-



On her trip she met Count

tachment between the two growing so strong, brought Ruth home.

The child says she will never love another, and has sent in her application to Mary Hughes, Lena Tumble, and Jane Tillman to join their "Old Maid Club," which is doing charity work for the Vanderbilt boys.

She met quite a number of the old girls on her trip. Miss Fleury had taken a party of girls to Europe during the summer of the year we finished, and had got up several parties since that time. It was on the last of these trips that Ruth met so many of her old schoolmates. Among them were Emma Berry, Martha Carroll, Katherine Hart, and several younger girls, who now call Ward their "alma mater." She says that Emma amused them very much in the Hotel de —. Emma said the manners and customs of the French people were more than she could ever understand.



Teaching Latin
at Vanderbilt

Josephine Munford is teaching Latin at Vanderbilt. It seems that most of the Delta Kappa Epsilon boys are taking this particular study. Her greatest pride, though, is to tell the story of the cannon, which has had several more coats of paint on it since the year nineteen hundred and two.

We had looked forward with the greatest pleasure to having Theo. Scruggs with us, but she and her husband had been offered a position in the fair now going on in San Francisco; and, having accepted it, she could not be with us. Her letters are always so interesting. She writes that managing a giant seesaw is not so bad, after all. She certainly has been more fortunate than we have in one way; for she saw Carolyn DuBose on her bridal tour, and says it is worth one's while to go to the fair just to see this couple, if nothing more. She also wrote that Carolyn wore her hair in an immense pompadour, and had changed a great deal from the plain little maid that she was while in school. Alice Borden and Katherine Rothrock went to the fair, and had been staying around the seesaw a great deal. They recognized Theo., and, after a warm reception from her, inquired about the manager of this particular show. On being told that it was Theo.'s husband, Katherine fainted; and Alice, thinking that they had remained in San Francisco long enough, returned to Tennessee with Katherine.



Our beautiful and graceful "Miss Sims" has been studying for the stage since the fall of nineteen hundred and two, and is now playing in London, at the Drury Lane Theater. Her personal charm adds much to the success she has won, and it is known that before the season is over she will be recognized as one of the finest actresses on the English stage.

Lillian Williams expects to be a grand opera singer next year. She is now in Germany, and reports are that her fondest hopes will be realized.

How I did appreciate having my co-workers on "The Iris"—Mary Cheatham, Addine Smith, and Agnes O'Bryan—with me on the occasion of my house party! I know how busy they are with their journal, and was afraid they would not be able to accept the invitation. All know, of course, that I was delighted to entertain these famous girls—"women," I should say. I learned much of their work, and feel deeply interested in their every undertaking. They often spoke of Elizabeth Glenn and the way in which she was received as a citizen into Baltimore. Her husband, being an actor, is away from home most of the time, and she has invited us to spend a while with her next winter.

Our talented Fedora has been posing for Gibson. He is now completing a series of pictures, entitled "The Gay Young Widow," in which Fedora expects to become famous as a model. She seems to be charmed with the life she is now living.

Among the Nashville girls with me was Bessie Dunbar. She is thinking of applying for a position at Ward this coming year, in order to be with those who are able to sympathize with any one that has been disappointed in love. Her story is far too sad to be written where "he who runs may read." It is not my purpose, anyway, to bring tears to the eyes of any of my readers. Suffice it to say her old maid career has begun, and we think her brave not to take the veil. She still seems to all but her closest friends the same cold-hearted, indifferent Bessie.

When Ruth told us that Sophie was taking Margaret Sangster's place in the Ladies' Home Journal and writing on "My Girls" and

"Advice to Boys," we laughed very heartily. It seems that during the winter after leaving school she spent most of her time composing love letters for her girl friends. They would simply drop her a note, inclose an envelope and a two-cent stamp, and she would do the rest.

Bessie Hefley and Maud Wilson are in the dime museum of the fair, sitting directly opposite each other. They expect to return to Texas in a few months, at which time the latter will announce her engagement.

Essie McBride and Nita Rice have gone as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and we are delighted to hear of the work going on there. Several of the Ward girls have gone as missionaries, and we are continually hearing good reports from them.

I was not at all surprised to learn that Lucile Rogers had gone on the lecture platform. Her main subjects are "Woman's Rights" and "Presbyterianism." Any one wishing to read some of her speeches can find them in the New York World or the Southwestern Presbyterian.



Her main subjects were woman's rights

Liza Tally, that modest and dignified Senior, has solved the question of perpetual motion, and her name will live forever. All the girls are proud of her, I know, and must be delighted that they had at least one unusually thoughtful girl in the class.

Lorraine Meeks, Sadie Peck, Mabel Murray, and Nelly Walsh are in the Lyceum Course. A letter from a friend of mine, now in Ward, says that their programme was highly enjoyed by every one. Quite a crowd went to hear them, and the audience really got enthusiastic. Sleight-of-hand tricks, dancing, and singing were the main features of their entertainment.

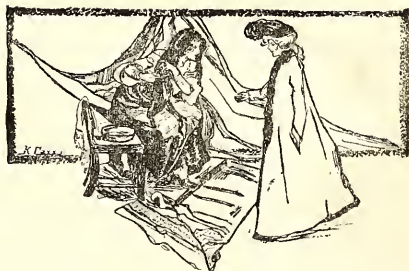
Lucile Olive lives just a block from Ward, and is perfectly lovely to the girls. They say she has a beautiful home, and everything she wished for while in school is now at her command.

"Skeeter"—I mean Annie Nunnelly—surprised us very much by "dropping in" to be with us on the last day of the party. We were rejoiced to see her and to hear her part of the story. She travels with her husband, who is employed by the — Printing Company. I was sorry that she could not have been with us longer, but, under the circumstances, pardoned her. She says she met Jane Rogers at the hotel in Houston, Texas. Jane is now a book agent, and says no one could persuade her to change her place.

Anne Rhea, by no means the last to be spoken of at the time, is now at school in New York. She has seen Miss Chisman frequently this past winter.

How I would love to see all the girls of the class personally! I am so glad, however, that I have been able to have the pleasure of a visit from these girls. They are the same jolly, lively set; and when they left, I felt very lonely indeed (to speak mildly of it). I hope to be with my classmates again soon; for there are few people that I think more of than I do of the girls that were in the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two.

MAUDE STEBBINS.



COLLEGE PREPARATORY CERTIFICATES



TO WELLESLEY COLLEGE

ALICE CARROLL	Tennessee
NANNIE HENSLEY OVERTON	Tennessee
THEODORA COOLEY SCRUGGS	Tennessee
LILLIAN PEARL SMITH	Illinois



TO VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

ETHEL BRADSHAW CHAPPELL	Tennessee
KATHERINE GORDON ROTHROCK	Tennessee



MOTTO :
To be, not to seem.

COLORS:
Green and White.

OFFICERS

SADIE WARNER	President
LAURA MALONE	Secretary
Alice Carroll	Treasurer



LEONORA BAILEY	Most sentimental
AGNES BENNETT	Most widely traveled
BLANCHE BERGMANN	Most attractive
CECILE BRYAN	Jolliest
MARTHA BUFORD	Most intellectual
ALICE CARROLL	Cleverest
GERTRUDE CARTER	Most pleasing
ROWENA CARTER	Prettiest



LOUISE CHESNUTT	Most coquettish
NANNIE CRAIG	Most persevering
ZULMA CROSS	Best geometry student
AMELIA DUDLEY	Best musician
BEBE GOANS	Most energetic
FLORENCE GOODE	Most talkative
RUTH GUISE	Most amiable
MARY HEARD	Best read
LAURA MALONE	Best student



JOHN MALONE
SARAH McLEAN
SARAH MORGAN
ELIZABETH MORTON
ANNIE NEIL
MARY TOM ODILL
CLARA PARK
MAMIE PLICQUE
BERTHA RAUSCHER

Most dignified
Most unconcerned
Biggest flirt
Most fastidious
Best Bible student
Smartest
Best dancer
Most courteous
Most influential



MARY SANDERS	Best disposition
LUCILE SATTERWHITE	Most animated
LILLIAN SIMPSON	Most meditative
GERTRUDE SOKOLOSKY	Best French student
MARY SUMMEY	Most popular
VALERY TRUDEAU	Cutest
SADIE WARNER	Most stylish
ETHEL WEBB	Brightest
BESSIE WHITEMAN	Most captivating
GAIL WILLIS	Sweetest

Junior Prophecy



It so bifel that whan the younge sonne,
 Hathe in the Ram hise halfe cours y runne
 About a feeste so solempne and ryche,
 That in this world ne was ther noon it lyche,
 The Junior Classe was gathered al round,
 Of which if I shall tellen al the array,
 Thanne wolde it occupie a somer's day.
 It so bifel after the thriddes cours
 A messenger al braithless, on a hors,
 Rode to the door and begged admyttance;
 He to the gwestes made obeysaunçe.
 A mirour of glas had he in his hande,
 Which comen was from straunge magis' bande,
 With swish a myght that men maye in it see
 Al that will happen in futuritie,
 If that they magicians theene will be.
 Grete was the eagernesse for to see,
 Ne profiteth til it comen to me.
 Where they see ther owne smylen faces,
 I saw diu mysts and uncertaine places;

THE
 IRIS
 - 37 -



Whan that distinct these places cam to be,
 Methought I saw the chancel of a church,
 That al with mony flures was bedighte,
 That mingled softly with the mony lighte.
 Soon down the aisle the bridesmaydes cam,
 And I right wel perceived them to be
 Four maydes—Chesnutt, Bryan, Plicque, and Neil;
 After these the bryde to the organ's peal,
 That Leonora Bailey was y highte;
 And as I look al faded is the lighte,
 And once again I see a straunge myste.
 Whan that these lift, I'll tellen if you lyste
 How in the mirour's clear expansion
 Of a theatre lies the reflexion.
 Ther syteynge in a box, in gowne of silke,
 New Yorke's belle, ne other than the ilke
 Miss Bebe Goans, known of old by me:
 And by hir sat the Duchess Pompadouri,
 Née Bessie Whiteman. Noun the curtain rist,
 Swish grete applause, ne was tier noon, I wist,
 As Florence Goode, the prima donna, met,
 Whan Misses Heard and Bergman entered yet,



It seemed that the people wilde would go.
 Again the mirour changeth. Soft and low
 In a convent chapelle burned the lightes,
 Ther stand two nonnes chanting full softly
 "Salve Regina," in the lightes faynte
 I see the lifted faces, like a saynte,
 Of Laura Malone and Mary Summye.
 The tapers flicker and to darkness hye;
 And whan I look agan, I see the ringes
 Of a circus; horses fast, as on winges
 Go pricken round hem. On the back of one
 Is Alice Carroil, excelled by none.
 Upon a stande that was y raised highe
 Is Agnes Bennett; round about hir nighe
 Lye many wrythen snaks, both grete and smal,
 And she by magic arts doth charm them al.
 Now doth a clown enter most hastily,
 And speaken out both loud and lustily,
 That all the folken may but wait and see
 Rowena Carter dancen gracefully
 And Gertrude Sokolosky fortunes tell,

THE
 IRIS
 - 36 -

And promyses that each shal com true wel.
 Amazed at the fortunes these hadde made,
 I was nat ware whan the mirage did fayde;
 Whan I looked agan, did I behold
 Ward chapelle, so familiar of old.
 Mr. Blanton was making the announcement
 That Miss Craig for the pupils' entertainment
 Wolde now hem addresse on Woman's Rightes;
 Than they clapped hir hands with al hir mighte.
 And in a chair a former teacher sat in
 Was John Malone, now teacher of Latin;
 And in Miss Chapman's chair was Clara Park,
 Who had in literature made grete mark.
 As in an houre glas, turut by som hande,
 From one into another runs the sande,
 So slowly did the scenes passe from view,
 And as slowly my mynde received the newe.
 I saw a lonely stretche of desert vaste,
 Which did a winding river bynd y faste,
 Upon whose bank were cities ruined low,
 That told the tale of splendors long ago;
 Ther I beheld the famous Gizeh groupe,
 And close beside the gretest pyramid stoop,
 The well-known forme of Mary Tom Odil,
 Who for obscure facts was huntyng stille;



Upon a stone nigh hir y sat Ruth Guise,
 Who ever sketched the sphinx's tender eyes,
 That she hem for ilustraciones myghte
 Use in a book for mankind's delyghte,
 Which was hy Gail Willis now being y write,
 In which were mony sayings wyse and witty.
 Now the ruines and alle fayde away,
 As when darkness descends at end of day,
 And in hir place a street both brode and wyde,
 Ther stande two women unseen by the tyde
 Of human life ther surging to and fro;
 And, looking, I saw them to be na mo
 Than Lucile Satterwhite and Sarah Morgan.
 With hem a monkey dancen to an organ.
 Doun the street cam a woman, war and wyse,
 A sergeant-at-law, who Mary Sanders ys;
 Near, Bertha Rauscher leads with al hir myghte
 An army that salvation was y hyghte.
 Now over street and people passen hye,
 The mystes com, and then I see on hyghe
 A marble slab in honor of the memory
 Of a greten school of philosophy,
 Founded that mortals myghten y see
 Why of al cheese green should preferred be



THE
 IRIS
 - 39 -



By him who in the mony his dayes spend,
 And to this wisdom maydes four attend;
 And on the slab thir names are cutted clean—
 Misses Morton, Simpson, Cross, and McLean.
 And now of a battle I see the felde,
 A flag I see y floaten in the lichte,
 Bearing red crosse embossed on felde of white;
 Round about it the wounded lay full low,
 And softly ministering among them go
 Valery Trudeau with sweet wordes of cheere;
 And Ethel Webb, who, wpyen mony a tear,
 Gives hope and comfort to heavy hertes.
 And now methought that in the glas I see
 A station in which mony folkes he.
 A woman see I in the restless throng,
 Upon whom my gaze was y fastened long;
 'Bont hir sholders a faded shawl she wore,
 And neath hir arm a cotton sunshade bore,
 A carpetbag, bandbox, and parrot cage,
 Divers parcels, and a cat of advanced age—
 Al these she held y clasped in hir armes;
 And by hir features, frightened and uncalm,

I knew Amelia Dudley she must be.
Not far from hir a widre I trespye
A tretys forme in somber robe y clad,
A widre's veil was heft from hir fas sade;
That she once Sadie Warner was I knew,
But now "Mrs. Smith" was the name, I trew,
That written was full fair and fetichly
Upon the malle hir mayde held ful semely.
Now slowly fade the throngen people weye,
And that ys all; ther ys na moore to seye.

MARTHA STOKES BUFORD.



Sophomore

1901 1902

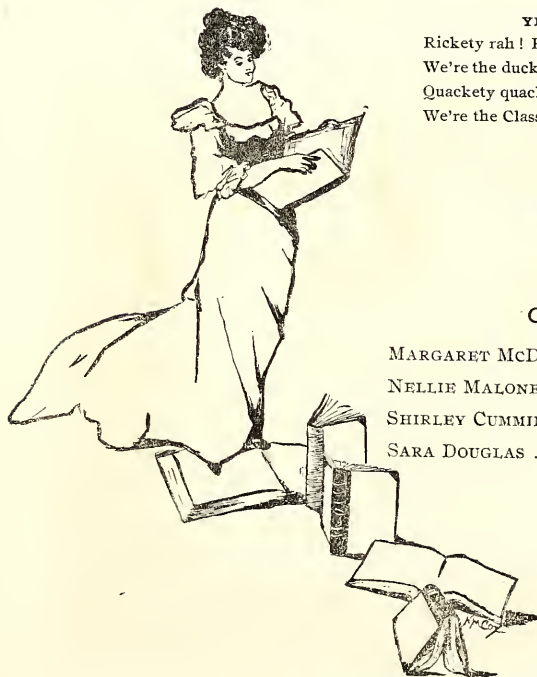
MOTTO:
"Onward."

COLORS:
Lavender and White.

FLOWER:
Lavender and White Sweet Peas.

YELL:
Rickety rah! Rickety boom!
We're the ducks from Ward's schoolroom.
Quackety quack! Boomety roar!
We're the Class of Nineteen and Four!


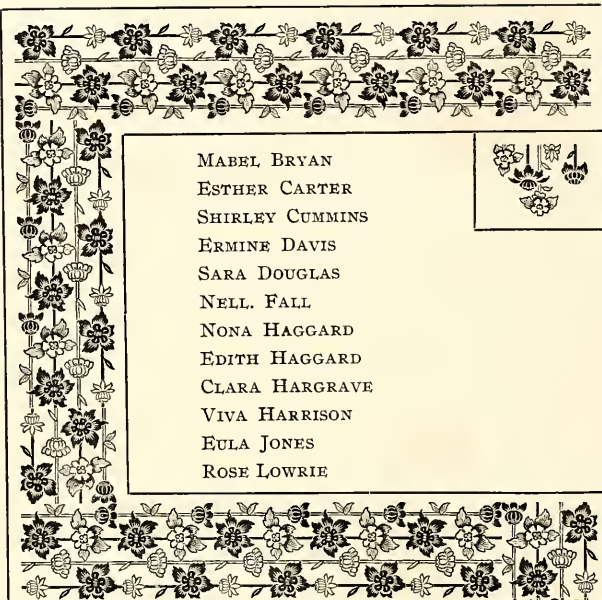
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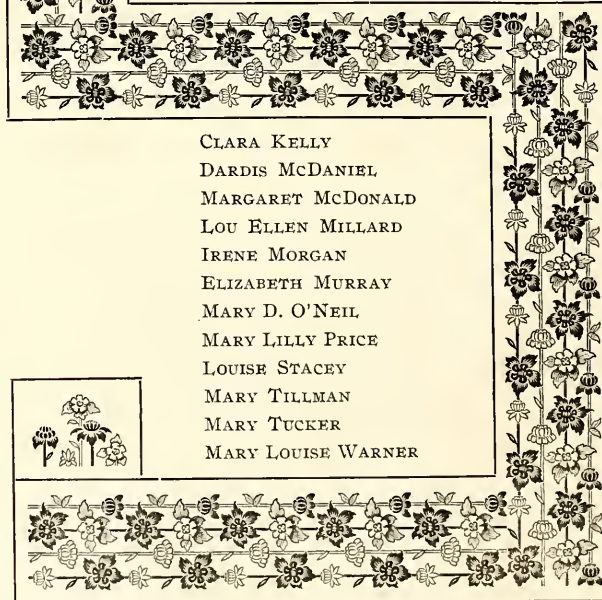
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SOPHOMORE CLASS



MABEL BRYAN
ESTHER CARTER
SHIRLEY CUMMINS
ERMINIE DAVIS
SARA DOUGLAS
NELL FALL
NONA HAGGARD
EDITH HAGGARD
CLARA HARGRAVE
VIVA HARRISON
EULA JONES
ROSE LOWRIE



CLARA KELLY
DARDIS MCDANIEL
MARGARET McDONALD
LOU ELLEN MILLARD
IRENE MORGAN
ELIZABETH MURRAY
MARY D. O'NEIL
MARY LILLY PRICE
LOUISE STACEY
MARY TILLMAN
MARY TUCKER
MARY LOUISE WARNER



Sophomore Nonsense

(The only kind of sense the Sophomores have)



QUERY: Why is it that Mabel Bryan prefers "Berrys" above all other fruit?

Esther Carter informed us the other day that there is no royal road to learning; even Carnegie gets there by degrees.

Shirley Cummins has been requested not to snore so loud in literature on Mondays. She wakes the rest of us up.

Ermine Davis is strictly partial to "Allbright" people.

Why does Sara Douglas persist in liking Chocolate Menier? It is a well-known fact that Sara has a Will. of her own.

We have great hopes of Nell. Fall's becoming the poet of the class, especially on alliteration. The following is an extract from her masterpiece:

"Once a cute, coquettish cow,
Gamboling gayly on the green,
Heard a big black dog say, 'Wow,'
And scampered off the sylvan scene."



TEACHER: "Miss Nona Haggard, you must not use slang."

MISS NONA HAGGARD: "Well, I had rather two-step off the earth, rattling my grandma's teeth, and then go away back and sit down."

Miss Edith Haggard, ditto.

What makes Clara Hargrave so inquisitive? She has hopes of being a "Pryor."

MISS CHAPMAN: "Miss Viva Harrison, which one of Dickens' novels had you rather read?"

MISS HARRISON: "'Rip Van Winkle.'"

Eula Jones claims, especially when she is waltzing, that she is a Daughter of the Revolution.

ROSE LOWRIE (translating French): "This dainty elephant flapped his wings and flew away."

Clara Kelly is suffering from an attack of alarming surprise. All the electric lights were turned on at once the other day, and stayed on for five minutes.

Dardis McDaniel said she did not know she was such a "swell" girl until she had the mumps.

Margaret McDonald hasn't lost her religion reading Milton, as she informed us she was starting out as a missionary in the field of love.

Lou Ellen Millard's latest accomplishment is sitting in front of the looking-glass painting her own picture.

Irene Morgan, who is our bureau of information, said that a "wise old saw" was one that had cut its wisdom teeth.

TEACHER: "Elizabeth Murray, if your father gave you \$100 and your mother gave you \$10, what would you have?"

MISS MURRAY: "A fit."

Mary D. O'Neil, our second Mrs. Malaprop, said her cold was fast turning into ammonia.

MARY LILLY PRICE (in one of the large dry-goods stores): "How much are these fifteen-cent powder puffs?"

MISS JENNINGS (to Sophomore History Class): "Know thyself."

MARY TILLMAN (in an undertone to Sara Douglas): "Don't! The time you would waste would suffice to make many more agreeable acquaintances."

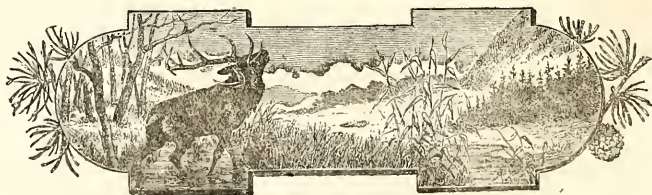
TEACHER: "Does the lesson go down through the fifteenth verse?"

MARY TUCKER—"No'm; it goes down to the sixteenth."

Why is Mary Louise Warner so fond of singing "Weezie?"
Because it is a "Meek" song.

LOUISE STACEY (Ward's walking ? point)—"What is a four-legged quadruped?"

The Sophomore Class begs the teachers not to sink into the depths of despair about them, but to cheer up; for the worst is yet to come.





Freshman

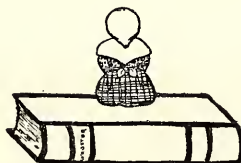


MOTTO: Excelsior.
FLOWER: Pink Carnation.
COLORS: Pink and Green.

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ANNA COOPER Vice President
MARY VIRNA COLBY Secretary
ANNA TREADWELL BLANTON Treasurer



Mary Virna Colby

Freshman Class

MARY FRAZER.

In ourselves are triumph and defeat.

MARY SUE CUMMINS.

Be noble in every thought and deed.

JESSIE SMITH.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

IRENE KIRKPATRICK.

Obstinacy is the argument of fools.

MARY BELL.

A still tongue shows a wise head.

SUSIE WILKES.

The more lazy a man is, the more

time he will
spend in
prophesying.

ELLEN SELMAN.

All things come to him who waits.

VIRNA COLBY.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

MARGARET YARBROUGH.

Conversation makes a ready man.

SARA CORBETT.

Do not delay; the golden moments fly.

SARAH MORGAN.

Taste the joy that springs from labor.

ANNA BLANTON.

Patience unties the hardest knots.

LOUISE FRITH

CLARE VALENTINO.

The way of bliss lies not on beds
of down.

MARGARET FALL.

Two heads are better
than one.

AMELIA SAWRIE.

Custom does reason overrule.

LUCILE BAREFIELD.

All earnestness in some degree
is eloquence.

BONITO HINTON.

The mill cannot grind with water that
has passed.

REBA WILLIS.

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!

HELEN HINTON.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it.

ANNE RICHARDSON.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

ANNA COOPER.

A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

NANNIE MAY COX.

Talkers are no good doers.

BYRD HENDERSON.

A good heart is worth gold.

P
R
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V
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R
B
S





The Freshman staring at a
Senior's Psychology, wonders
what such a curiously-named-
book means —
But we have all been a
Freshman!



COLOR: Violet.
FLOWER: Violet.

Motto:
"Get wisdom get understanding."

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IRIS
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Officers



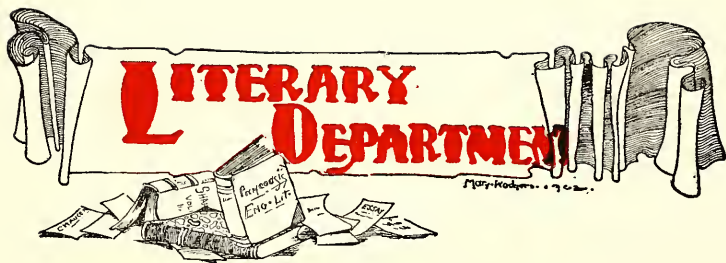
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NANNIE OVERTON	Vice President
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ANNA COOPER	AMELIA SAWRIE	LILLIAN SMITH
ANNA BLANTON	KATIE MAY LANDRUM	ETHEL CHAPPELL





Memory

I.

She comes when the heat of a noisy day
Has sunk in the reddening west,
And the faint star whiteness of the night
Lulls all the earth to rest.

II.

For the twilight hour is loved by her—
My queen with the shining brow;
And at her tread sweet, perfumed buds
Emblossom ev'ry bough.

III.

But ever she comes when the moon is new,
And ever she leans on my weary breast,
And in her eyes a nameless thing
Which may not weep nor rest.

IV.

The crown of my queen is gemmed with pearls,
Which dim and glow with the passing years;
But oftimes, when she looks on me,
I think that they are tears.

V.

She brings the breath of meadow flowers,
A single rose in her floating hair;
And when I search my lonely heart,
I find its fragrance there.

VI.

But ever she comes when the moon is new,
And ever she leans on my weary breast,
And in her eyes a nameless thing
Which may not weep nor rest.

GARNET NOEL.

Une Conspiration dans les Nuages



Il y avait une fois une conspiration dans les airs. Les enfants d'un nuage se lassèrent de leur vie oisive, alors ils se décidèrent à accomplir une besogne plus élevée.

Ils s'entendirent entre eux qu'ils se laisseraient choir sur la terre. Naturellement chacun devait avoir sa mission à remplir. Quelques-uns se proposèrent d'arroser les lèvres des fleurs et des plantes. D'autres voulurent se vouer à des devoirs plus matériels. Ils consentirent à donner la nourriture aux légumes et à aider à l'homme de cette manière. Quand tout ça avait été décidé il y avait beaucoup de ces enfants de cristal qui n'aimaient pas leurs missions.

Enfin, un des plus sages éleva sa voix et dit: "Mes enfants, je confesse que ce serait sans doute un devoir doux que de soigner les fleurs, l'essence des choses créées par le Bon Dieu!" Il n'y a rien qui puisse faire plus de bien que d'assister l'homme, l'image de Dieu! Je propose que nous nous consacrons à la formation de fleurs et de ruisseaux. Puisque les eaux sont si grandes nos actions passeront inaperçues.

Toutes les autres gouttes écoutèrent et s'inclinèrent en révérence. Alors elles adoptèrent ce dernier project. Ainsi à chaque enfant fut donné une mission, qui le rendit heureux.

Le nuage leur donna sa bénédiction. Après ça les gouttes de pluie se dispersèrent. Ainsi l'accomplissement de nos modestes devoirs leur donne de l'éclat selon la bonne volonté que nous y mettons et après tout, c'est dans le devoir que nous trouvons le contentement de l'âme, du moment que nous nous en acquittons consciencieusement.

FEDORA JONAS.

Ein Oftern-Bergißmeinnicht.

In der Nacht vor Oftern, als ein armes kleines Mädchen in den Straßen Berlins umher wanderte, kam sie zu einem großen Hofe. Sie ging hinein und dort im Mondeslichte konnte sie sehen, wo die Kinder des reichen Eigenthümers dieses Hauses die Nester für die Oftereier gemacht hatten, aber Herr Kaninchen war noch nicht gekommen, und daher waren die Nester noch leer. „Nun“, dachte das kleine Mädchen, „ich werde auf Herrn Kaninchen warten. Ich habe ihn nie gesehen. Ich habe nie ein Ofterei gehabt und ich hoffe, daß das Kaninchen mir vielleicht ein kleines Ei geben wird.“

Daher legte sie sich nieder und bald war sie fest eingeschlafen. „Ob das wohl Herr Kaninchen sei“, dachte sie, „Ja, das ist er. Sieh, wie er springt.“

Das Kaninchen sah das Kind und ging gleich zu ihm. „Sind Sie“, fragte das Kind, „wirklich Herr Kaninchen, der den reichen Kindern Oftereier bringt?“ „Ganz gewiß“, sagte er, „der bin ich, aber ich war es nicht immer. Ich war einst ein kleiner Knabe“. „Ein Knabe?“, fragte das Kind erstaunt. „Ja“, sagte er, „ich lebte mit meinen Eltern in einem Schlosse an dem Flusse Rhein. Wir lebten glücklich zusammen, bis die schlimme Fee „Bosheit“ kam. Meine Eltern hatten keine bösen Feen gespart, meine Taufe sehr fröhlich zu machen und hatten daher keine bösen Feen zum Kindtauffchmauß eingeladen. Darüber war die Bosheit sehr zornig und als ich einmal allein außerhalb der Mauern unseres Schlosses spielte, ergriff sie mich und verwandelte mich sofort in ein Kaninchen.“

„Müssen Sie ewig ein Kaninchen bleiben?“ fragte das Mädchen. „Nein“, sagte das Kaninchen, „die Bosheit verzauberte meine gute Fee, die in einem Bergißmeinnicht lebte, und legte sie in ein Ofterei. Wenn das Ei geöffnet wird, werde ich sofort umgewandelt werden. Daher erwarte ich jeden Oftern meine Befreiung. Aber nun muß ich dich verlassen, mein liebes Kind“.

Die kleine war ganz erstaunt, daß er von ihr gegangen sei, ehe sie daran gedacht hatte, ihn um ein Ofterei zu bitten. Plötzlich hörte sie ein Geräusch und als sie aufwachte, sah sie einige Kinder in der Nähe.

Als dieselben sie sahen, führten sie die kleine in das Haus. Dort bekam sie ein gutes Mahl und zu ihrer Freude gaben sie ihr ein Ofterei.

Darauf wollte sie nicht länger bleiben und ging sofort. Als sie davon ging, hielt sie ihren Schatz in beiden Händen. Aber oh weh! Als sie auf die Straße kam, ließ sie es fallen und es zerbrach. Da fing das Mädchen zu weinen an, aber sie sah ein blaues Blümchen, welches ihr zulächelte und „Bergißmeinnicht“ sang.

Da erinnerte sich das Mädchen der Worte des Kaninchens und plötzlich erschien ein Ritter und dankte ihm von ganzem Herzen, weil es ihn befreit hatte.

In einigen Jahren machte der Ritter das Mädchen zu seiner Gemahlin und auf ihren Verlobungsringen war das Wort „Bergißmeinnicht“ eingegrät.

William Smith.

One Evidence of Romanticism Among the Seniors

98 98



He was a very fresh Sophomore of Vanderbilt, and she was a very dignified Senior of Ward, and things happened in this wise: Each morning, a few minutes after the town clock struck eight, somewhere in the vicinity of the new station this tender Sophomore and this wise Senior passed each other on the road to their respective schools. It began thus in September, and these two passed with only an interested glance at one another.

Toward the latter part of October, one morning she dropped her scratch book, and he hastened to pick it up. With a quick glance at the name at the top of it, he bowed and handed it to her. He was rewarded with a smile and a "So kind of you." The next morning they bowed.

Several days after this episode, the Senior had some work which started her to school a few minutes earlier than usual; so she was obliged to pass the station before the Sophomore made his appearance. Lo! what was her astonishment when she reached the gate of her alma mater to find him there chatting in a most friendly manner with one of Ward's Juniors, whom she had hitherto considered a "pert and forward piece!" She has never since been heard to speak in any but the most glowing terms of the little Junior; for the sweet thing (who can say she wasn't bribed?) stopped the Senior, and, with a bright smile, said: "I want you to know my cousin."

After this the Vanderbiltite started to school in the morning a little earlier than customary, and, upon meeting the Senior, turned and retraced his steps, by her side, as far as the Seminary gate.

This delicious state of things continued until one blustering March morning the wind blew into these two young hearts the seed of discord. Now, the night before, the Senior had experienced a mighty struggle with the allegory of "Faust" and that of "Prometheus Unbound;" hence, on this morning, her temper was by no means a sweet one. At the gate, "with bitter words, they parted." The following morning the Senior considered it necessary to take a car. "One can't possibly walk with this high wind blowing one to pieces so," she re-

flected. Strange, indeed, she had never before thought of this, and it not the first very windy morning of the season !

In spite of the gradual diminishing of her pocket money, she continued to take the car each day. One particular morning March had borrowed from April a rainy day, and all the habitual pedestrians were compelled to ride. Therefore when, burdened with books, music roll, and umbrella, the "most potent, grave, and reverend Senior" boarded the car, not a seat was vacant. She was clutching wildly at a strap to steady herself, when she heard a most familiar voice at her side say: "Do have this seat!" She turned, and beheld the Sophomore. "Thanks, but you needn't trouble yourself," she replied, coldly, and grabbed in vain at the strap just as the car gave a sudden lurch. Down fell the Senior in the recently-vacated seat, and her books, umbrella, and music were scattered about the car. Very gallantly the Sophomore gathered together her goods and chattels, but did not return them to their owner. She was silent, though she was inwardly yearning to know why he was traveling in the wrong direction. Now, this Senior was not conceited. Had she been, she would readily have answered this mental question, and correctly, too. The conductor called: "Ward!" "I'll take my things now, please," the Senior said, rather meekly. "That's all right," was all he answered, and politely helped her off the car. At the gate she held out her hands for her belongings. "You can hardly come in, you know." He had gone only a few steps when he heard a faint "Wait a minute" from the gate. "I want to tell you how sorry—"

Five minutes after, the little Junior, hurrying in at the gate, beheld a most ludicrous picture. The smiling Senior and the beaming Sophomore were blissfully unconscious of the mud beneath and the water above until a very audible giggle from the Junior made them hurry away to their respective posts.

For two people, at least, the weather prophecy was incorrect for that day. The weather was perfect. THEODORA SCRUGGS.



MY LADY



A face of lily purity;
A cheek of faint wild rose,
Where a deep'ning flush of color comes
With ev'ry wind that blows.

Eyes, merry, blue, and liquid sweet,
Like stars on a summer night
That glow in the quiet, dark'ning sky,
With radiance soft and bright.



A mouth of tender, drooping curve;
A smile, both sweet and gay,
That cheers my hours of deepest gloom
And turns my night to day.

All these, and a slender, graceful form;
A step as light as air;
A heart as pure as the sweet, white rose—
This is my lady fair.

ETHEL CHAPPELL.

Serenade of the Elves

Prelude



I.

OW hie away, ye summer elves,
To gain my lady's bowers,
And lightly tread as western wind
Among the sleeping flowers.

II.

Bring violin, harp, and light guitar,
Nor leave the merry flute.
Woo you my love with horn and lyre;
And you, with tender lute.

III.

Nor rudely break her slumber light,
But weave her dreams among
The tender notes that fain my heart
In ev'ry thought hath rung!

Song

I.

Sleep, my love, for darkness stealeth
O'er the dome of ev'ning's gray;
Sleep until the ruddy starlight
Fades athwart the breast of day.
Sleep!

II.

Sleep and dream of endless summer,
Where the primrose, pearled with dew,
Gleams across the silver moonbeams
Shining in the marsh-mist blue.
Sleep! Sleep!

III.

Round my lady's tower are circling
Chains of fireflies—gleaming gold—
Fairy guards of bower and castle
Bearing torches on the wold.

IV.

Elfin forms among the roses
Cull the perfumes sweet and rare—
Cull them for the fragrant tresses
Of my lady's falling hair!
Sleep!

V.

Sleep, my love, and may the angels
Guard thee till the break of day;
Sleep until the rosy dawning
Breaks to light the dreams away.
Sleep! Sleep!

GARNET NOEL.

When We Have a Lecture at Ward



NINE BELLS! A current of excitement runs through the pupils of Ward Seminary. We are to have a lecture. Those girls who were fortunate enough to have been in the chapel during the period which has just closed know, or at least have heard the rumor, of the important event. We, who were at recitation, or on the gallery, or washing our hands (a very popular—and, by the way, necessary—occupation), know nothing of it, but hurry with one accord toward the center of action, the chapel.

There we find everything in confusion. The Seniors are leaving their dignified station in the rear of the room to sit among the Freshmen, that they may the better hear the learned discourse; the Primaries are being seated; and the teachers come down to dwell among us, and learn how uncomfortable hard desks are even for that short time.

Everything is quiet again in a few moments. Professor Blanton soon comes upon the rostrum from the reading room at the left, followed by the lecturer himself, whom he introduces to the school. Then it is that we are supposed to burst into applause.

After the din has subsided, the lecturer commences his address. There are many ways of beginning. He sometimes tells us he has had only a little while to prepare his discourse, and is, therefore, unprepared; or he greets us in declaring that he is delighted to see so many bright, happy faces; but generally he begins in that easy, jovial manner which attracts and holds the attention of his hearers. When his lecture is on some specific point which we have studied, we listen with added interest.

Sometimes we lean back in our seats and drink in leisurely what he is saying; while at other times we sit bolt upright and, with a very businesslike air, take down notes.

There are two senses of pleasure which come over us while we listen to a lecture; one is the consciousness that we are learning something, and the other (a very secondary joy) is the fact that we are missing some recitation which we probably have not prepared.

It is over all too soon, however, and Miss Jennings' bell brings us back to the reality of text-book work.

ANNA R. COLE.



To You



The song bird twists her tuneful throat,
The daffodils are flecked with dew,
The white bud deepens into rose,
The meadow gleams with blossoms new.

The song bird twists her tuneful throat
To trills and chirps of melody;
The sweet world sings for newborn joy,
I only sing for thee.

Upon each lip the note is love.
The curving earth, the sunset sky,
Meet with their links of gold and rose;
You meet me with a sigh.

The purple hills are echo hung
To catch the songs I may not hear;
Your lips are sealed with winter's kiss,
And mine with winter's tear.

GARNET NOEL.

"Noblesse Oblige"

97 97



OUTSIDE the snow falls softly and unceasingly, covering the smoke-begrimed roofs with a veil of purity, piling white drifts in the corners, and clinging lovingly to the dark-brown curls of a tall young girl crossing the street.

Within the house toward which she is walking, the firelight flickers on the walls of a room furnished with exquisite taste. On a large armchair before the glowing grate sits a white-haired lady, with a face so full of tranquil sweetness and patience, that the very atmosphere about her breathes of peace and rest. The shadows come and go, falling on her silvery hair and the slender white hands folded quietly in her lap. She is looking into the fire; and, as she looks, a sigh parts her lips, and her brown eyes fill with tears.

"Four years ago to-morrow," she murmurs—"four years since Lily died, and to-morrow is her birthday."

The white head is bowed, and her lips move in silent prayer.

Somewhere in the house a door opens and shuts; there are quick, light steps in the hall, and a moment later the brown-haired girl comes in, with the snowflakes still on her hair and furs. The lady raises her head, and a welcoming smile lights up her face.

"O, grandma," a glad young voice cries, "guess the good news! Guess it quick, or I shall perish for want of a 'went' for my feelings."

"Why, Dolly, dear," her grandma answers, "I can think of nothing, except that you are at last going to college. Come here to the fire and tell me if I am right."

"Wisest of grannies, you are a regular Macbethian witch, minus the beard."

Dolly tosses her hat and wraps on the couch, and, coming forward, gives her grandmother a tempestuous kiss; then she settles herself at her feet, curling up on the rug like a kitten. As she rests her arms on the old lady's lap and looks up into her face, the two make a pretty picture in the firelight. The wrinkled hands smooth the tumbled locks caressingly, and the sweet old face is full of sympathetic interest; for there is a great love between the gentle woman and the harum-scarum girl.

Since the dark hour, four years before, when a young mother had, with a last effort, placed her child's hands in those which had so tenderly guided her own life and whispered, "Guard her for me," Dolly had

known no lack of love and care. All her childish griefs and joys, all the hopes and aspirations of growing girlhood, as well as its fun and frolic, had been shared by "grandma"—her comrade in pleasure; her refuge in trouble; her faithful, loving guide in all things. And now, as she looks into the happy brown eyes, a prayer of thankfulness rises in the grandmother's heart that as yet no real cloud has shadowed the bright young life.

"You see, most beloved of witches," continues Dolly, picking up the spectacles lying temptingly near and putting them on in a way that bids fair to send their owner to the oculist again shortly, "your granddaughter must have inherited some of your witchlike powers. Anyhow, by a judicious mixing of wheedling, threatening, and commanding, I have at last forced papa to surrender the long-besieged fort, with all its ammunition (greenbacks in this case). I have waylaid him in every conceivable place, from the front steps to the depot, and talked 'college' till I don't blame him for running off to St. Louis for one peaceful night. Finally, on the train just now, I gave him the finishing stroke by refusing to leave until he had promised." She laughs softly at the recollection, and adds: "Dear old daddy! He thought I was in earnest; and, as the train began to move, he lifted me bodily to the platform and said: 'Well, well, Queen! Have it your own way; you usually do, you know.' I called back to him that I wouldn't be a queen if I didn't. Isn't that so, grandma?" she concludes, looking up saucily. "Why—dear me!—what a grave face! I don't believe you have heard one word I have said."

Her grandmother smiles. "You know I was listening, Queen, and I am very, very glad for you; but I could not help thinking just then of poor Jennie Brown, and contrasting her sorrow with your happiness. You remember her? Well, yesterday the doctor told her that he could do nothing more for her; and, unless she can have a costly operation performed, she will be deformed and a helpless invalid the rest of her life. Of course they are too poor to think of such a thing, for it would cost several hundred dollars; so she must face her sad future as best she can. Ned—dear fellow!—wanted to help her, but he is not able. It has troubled me all day."

The gladness dies out of Dolly's face, and her eyes are dark and pitying as she turns them to the fire. There is silence for a long while; then she says, irrelevantly: "Grandma, do you remember how little Kittie Brent wouldn't enter her beautiful Persian cat with the other contestants for the prize, because she thought they would have no chance, as Fuzzy would be sure to win, and he was 'too noble?' Somebody had explained to her the meaning of 'noblesse oblige,' and

she had applied it in her own little life. She wanted that prize with all her heart."

The old lady looks rather perplexed, but says nothing.

There is another long silence; then Dolly speaks again: "Grandma, when I jumped into the pond after Kittie and brought her out, nearly drowned, didn't some foolish person say I was a noble girl?"

"Yes, dear." Her grandmother is looking down at her, still perplexed; but a light begins to dawn upon her as Dolly, drawing a long, deep breath, rises and shakes herself, as if a burden had fallen from her shoulders.

"Well, dearest," Dolly says, gayly, though her eyes are suspiciously bright, "I find that I must give up my prize, too."

She turns and walks quickly to the window; her grandmother follows and puts an arm about her neck. They are very still for a few moments, and then a tremulous voice says, softly: "To-morrow is mamma's birthday; I'll ask papa to let me carry my college money to Jennie, then. She would be glad, I know."

The old lady draws her closer, kisses her once very gently; and then they stand together looking out, with tear-dimmed eyes, beyond the snow-covered garden, where a slender white shaft gleams in the gathering twilight.

LAURA MALONE.

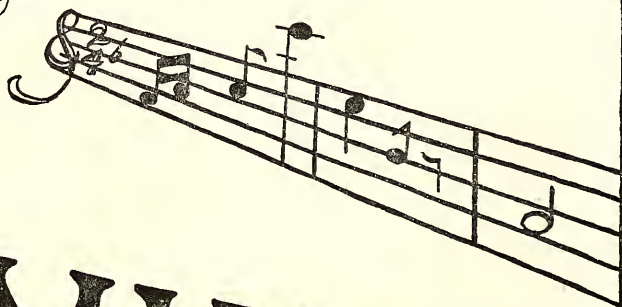
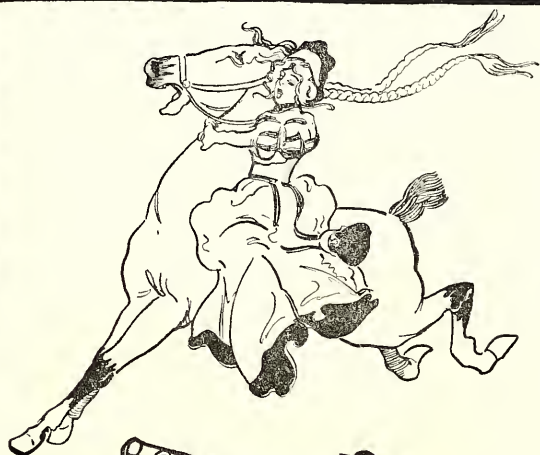


?

A teacher chanced in Bible Class
To take a Senior's book.
Sad tale! She found the leaves uncut;
She gave that girl a look.

"The situation needs no words,
The truth's hung out its sign:
I can't read through an uncut page;
I read between the lines.' "

"On such a thing as this," said she,
"I firmly put my foot;
You know full well I gave no leave
To leave the leaves uncut! "



MUSIC





THE
IRIS
- 69 -

GRADUATES IN PIANO

ELIZABETH CLOPTON, Arkansas

ALICE COONS, Alabama

LUCILE FRIZZELL, Texas

FEDORA JONAS, Tennessee

LESLIE VIRGINIA LATTA, Tennessee

MARY STROUD ROGERS, Tennessee

LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS, Kentucky

GRADUATES IN VOICE

CALISTA ELIZABETH BAILEY, Tennessee

MINNIE MERLE REED, Tennessee

NITA RICE, Tennessee

LOUISE WARREN, Tennessee



STARR CHORUS CLASS

MISS GRAY ACREE GATLIN PRESIDENT
 MISS IRENE RUSSELL VICE PRESIDENT
 MISS NITA RICE SECRETARY
 MISS ELIZABETH LAMB TREASURER
 MR. CHARLES WANZER STARR DIRECTOR

SOPRANOS

MISS HELEN M. BAREFIELD
 MISS HANNA M. BROWN
 MISS GRETCHEN BUCHHOLZ
 MISS GERTRUDE CARTER
 MISS ELIZABETH COLLIER
 MISS MARY T. COOLIDGE
 MISS LENORE CRAMER
 MISS JENNIE LOUISE DAVISON
 MISS RUBY FOWLER
 MISS FLORENCE GOODE
 MISS BESSIE HEFLEY
 MISS EULA JONES
 MISS LEILA JONES
 MISS MARY BELLE JONES
 MISS ELIZABETH LAMB

MISS KATIE MAY LANDRUM

MISS AGNES LITTLE

MISS ANNE MATISON

MISS LEAH MARKEL

MISS MAI DEE MOORE

MISS MAMIE PRATT

MISS MABEL ROWELL

MISS IRENE RUSSELL

MISS ALICE SHORT

MISS TOM SIMS

MISS LILLIAN SIMPSON

MISS EULA TUBB

MISS ETTA TWERSKY

MISS LOUISE WARREN

MISS ANNA E. WILLIAMS

ALTOS

MISS CALISTA BAILEY
 MISS BERTHA BARBER
 MISS MARTHA BUFORD
 MISS ANNA RUSSELL COLE
 MISS GRAY ACREE GATLIN
 MISS BEBE GOANS
 MISS REBA GOLDSMITH
 MISS BERTHA McELROY
 MISS MABEL LEE McFERRIN
 MISS MARY SUE MEADORS
 MISS LILLIA LYNN MORTON
 MISS NETTIE LEK PICKETT
 MISS MINNIE REED
 MISS NITA RICE
 MISS KATIE BELLE SELPH

MISS MAUD SANDERS

MISS LOUIE SHAFER

MISS MABEL STEERE

MISS KARRIE STEVENSON

MISS MARY SUMMEY

MISS ESSIE TISDALE

MISS EMMA WALKER



BASSOS

MR. DOUGLAS M. WRIGHT
 MR. JOHN R. JACKSON
 MR. D. LUTHER LACY
 MR. ERSKINE REED
 MR. BUIST SHWAB

TENORS

MR. J. D. ANDREWS
 MR. FRED. BROWN
 MR. FRANK CARR
 MR. CHAS. P. COONEY, JR.
 MR. ROBERT LYLE
 MR. JUSTIN THATCHER

*Dedicated with the tenderest memories to Mary Miller Blanton,
who "fell asleep" July 29, 1901.*

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

Words by Mrs. Browning.

Music by Lulu L. Randle.

p

He will give His be - lov - ed,

Moderato.

His be - lov - ed sleep, Will give His be - lov - ed

sleep, He giv - eth His be - lov - ed.....

sleep..... Of all the words of
Ay, men may won - der
And friends, dear friends, when

God that are Borne in - ward.....
while they can, A liv - ing,.....
it shall be That this low.....

un - - to souls a - - far; A - long the
think - ing feel - ing man; Con - found in
heath is gone from me; And round my

Psalm - ist's mu - sic deep, A - long the Psalm - ist's mu - sic
such a rest to keep. Con - found in such a rest to
bier ye come to weep, And round my bier ye come to

deep, his mu - sic deep; Now tell me if that an - y
keep, a rest to keep; But an - gels say and think the
weep, ye come to weep; Let one most lov - ing of you

Ritard.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP." Concluded.

is for gift of grace Sur - pass - ing this?
word I think this hap - py voice is heard;
all say "not a tear must o'er her fall;

Sleep, sleep, He will give His be-
Sleep, sleep, He will give His be-
Sleep, sleep, He will give His be-

p

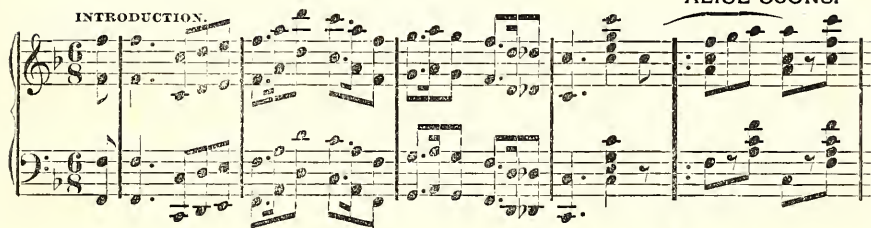
lov - - ed sleep.....
lov - - ed sleep.....
lov - - ed sleep.....

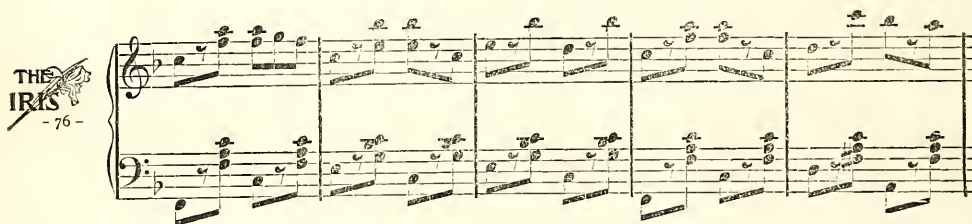
Ritard. *pp*

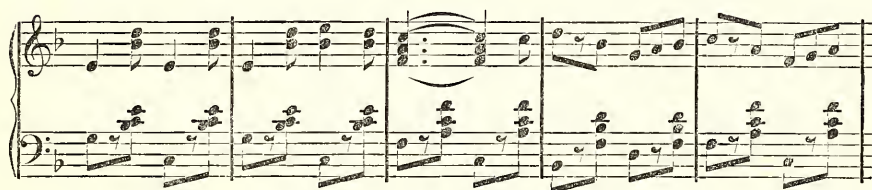
Sigma Omega Two-Step.

INTRODUCTION.

ALICE COONS.









THE
IRIS
- 78 -



SENIOR CLASS SONG.

Words by AGNES O'BRYAN.

Music by FEDORA JONAS.

1. We're soon to leave this
2. And as our way thro'
3. And though the world from

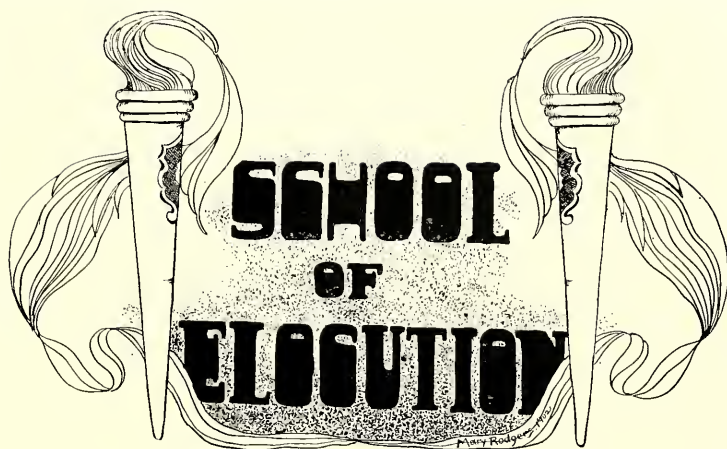
Moderato.

dear old place, In ma - ny ways the world to face, Where'er we are, what -
life we wend, When-e'er we meet an old school friend, We'll strike on sweet, fa -
us may take Some things that hap - pi - ness will make, Our grat - i - tude to

e'er we see, We'll ev - er, Ward's, re - mem - ber thee, Where -
mil - iar chords, And sing of all thy glo - ries, Ward's, We'll
thee, dear friend, We will pre - serve till life doth end, Our

e'er we are, what - e'er we see, We'll ev - er, Ward's, re - mem - ber thee.
strike on sweet, fa - mil - iar chords, And sing of all thy glo - ries, Ward's.
grat - i - tude to thee, dear friend, We will pre - serve till life doth end.





ELSIE WOODWORTH READ, Instructor

Students, 1901-1902



RUTH ALDRIDGE	
MARGERY CARUTHERS	
MABEL BRYAN	MARIE COCKE
ZULMA CROSS	MARY DIBRELL
LAURA ELLIOTT	ELOISE EWING
LOUISE BRIGHAM	LOUISE CHESNUTT
LILLIAN DEARING	ELIZABETH COLLIER
NELLIE FALL	ANNA FOREMAN
GRAY GATLIN	POLLY GRAHAM
BONITO HINTON	HELEN HINTON
MARY LOUISE LOVE	ELIZABETH HUGHES
EOLINE HOWZE	LIZZIE OTIS ROSE
ETTA LOWENTHAL	MAI DEE MOORE
BERTHA MCELROY	DANNIE YOUNG
JULIA RANSOM	ALICE RODES
LUCILE ROGERS	ORA SKILES
MARY HEARD	TOM SIMS
MARY WHITE	ROSE WISE
SHIRLEY SKILLERN	
ELIZA TALLY	

Impersonation

"When Knighthood Was in Flower". Edwin Caskoden

MARY LOUISE LOVE

Characters:

HENRY VII., King of England
WOLSEY, Bishop of York
CHARLES BRANDON, soldier, gentleman of the court, and
suitor to Lady Mary
SIR EDWIN CASKODEN, story-teller
MARY TUDOR, sister to the King
JANE BOLINGBROKE, lady in waiting to Mary Tudor
Ladies of the court

ACT I

SCENE—How Brandon came to court

ACT II

SCENE—Love's fierce sweetness

ACT III

SCENE—A girl's consent

Impersonation

"My Lady Peggy Goes to Town". Francis A. Mathews

ELIZABETH HUGHES

Characters:

KENNASTON OF KENNASTON, brother to Lady Peggy
Burgoyne
SIR PERCY DE BOHM, suitor to Lady Peggy
HON. JACK CHALMERS, friends to Kennaston
SIR WYATT LOVELL,
LADY PEGGY BURGOWNE
CHOCKEY, maid to Lady Peggy
CHARWOMAN

ACT I

SCENE—My Lady Peggy sends off her lover broken-hearted

ACT II

SCENE—My Lady Peggy goes to town

ACT III

SCENE—My Lady Peggy puts a noble young gentleman into an earthly paradise

THE
IRIS
- 82 -



Impersonation

"THE Taming of the Shrew". . . . Shakespeare

GRAY ACREE GATLIN

Characters:

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina
HORTENSIO, friend to Petruchio
BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua
GRUNIO, servants to Petruchio
CURTIS, servants to Petruchio
KATHARINA, the Shrew, daughter to Baptista
Gentlemen and servants

ACT I

SCENE—Padua. Baptista's Garden

ACT II

SCENE—Petruchio's Country House. The Public Road

ACT III

SCENE—Baptista's House

Impersonation

"THE RIVALS". . . . Richard Brinsley Sheridan

ROSE G. WISE

Characters:

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, father to Capt. Jack Absolute
CAPT. JACK ABSOLUTE, suitor to Lydia Languish
FAULKLAND, friend to Capt. Jack Absolute
BOB ACRES, suitor to Lydia Languish and friend to Capt. Jack Absolute
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, Irish gentleman, friend to Bob Acres

MRS. MALAPROP

LYDIA LANGUISH, niece to Mrs. Malaprop

ACT I

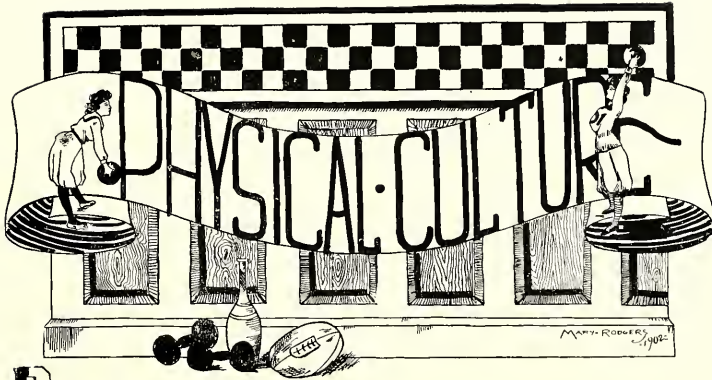
SCENE—Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings at Bath

ACT II

SCENE—Bob Acres' lodgings at Bath

ACT III

SCENE—King's Mead Fields, Bath



BASKET BALL



JESSIE KILGORE WARDLAW, Instructor

MOTTO:
Mens sana in corpore sano.

COLORS:
Navy Blue and Cardinal.

YELL:
Razzle Dazzle! Gobble, Gobble!
Sis, Boom, Bah!
Basket ball, Basket ball,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

BASKET BALL TEAM

EOLINE HOWZE, Manager
GERTRUDE CARTER, Captain

GRAY GATLIN, BYRD HENDERSON, Forwards
BLANCHE ARCHER, MABEL SCALES, Backs
VIVA HARRISON, VIRNA COLBY, Centers

COMMENCEMENT EXHIBITION

1. Ring Drill
2. German Bell Exercise
3. Swedish Gymnastics
4. Hoop Drill
5. Fancy March
6. Club Swinging
7. Combination Bell and Wand Drill





Calendar



Catherine Melton

Ward's Seminary
1902 1903
Illustrations by Mary Fite Turley
Lettering by Alice Rodes

anuary




1	Wednesday	☾
2	Thursday	
3	Friday	
4	Saturday	
5	Sunday	
6	Monday	
7	Tuesday	
8	Wednesday	
9	Thursday	☾
10	Friday	
11	Saturday	
12	Sunday	
13	Monday	
14	Tuesday	
15	Wednesday	
16	Thursday	
17	Friday	☾
18	Saturday	
19	Sunday	
20	Monday	
21	Tuesday	
22	Wednesday	
23	Thursday	☺
24	Friday	
25	Saturday	
26	Sunday	
27	Monday	
28	Tuesday	
29	Wednesday	
30	Thursday	
31	Friday	☾



Mary Fite-Turner

January brings pure sport

February

1	Saturday	
2	Sunday	
3	Monday	
4	Tuesday	
5	Wednesday	
6	Thursday	
7	Friday	
8	Saturday	
9	Sunday	
10	Monday	
11	Tuesday	
12	Wednesday	
13	Thursday	
14	Friday	
15	Saturday	
16	Sunday	
17	Monday	
18	Tuesday	
19	Wednesday	
20	Thursday	
21	Friday	
22	Saturday	
23	Sunday	
24	Monday	
25	Tuesday	
26	Wednesday	
27	Thursday	
28	Friday	



Winter days made short by
intimacy with Shakespeare
and Milton.



MARY FINTUNLEY

March






1	Saturday	
2	Sunday	☾
3	Monday	
4	Tuesday	
5	Wednesday	
6	Thursday	
7	Friday	
8	Saturday	
9	Sunday	☉
10	Monday	
11	Tuesday	
12	Wednesday	
13	Thursday	
14	Friday	
15	Saturday	
16	Sunday	☾
17	Monday	
18	Tuesday	
19	Wednesday	
20	Thursday	
21	Friday	
22	Saturday	
23	Sunday	☺
24	Monday	
25	Tuesday	
26	Wednesday	
27	Thursday	
28	Friday	
29	Saturday	
30	Sunday	
31	Monday	



May Fitzroy.

She becomes athletic—

A pril

1	Tuesday	
2	Wednesday	
3	Thursday	
4	Friday	
5	Saturday	
6	Sunday	
7	Monday	
8	Tuesday	
9	Wednesday	
10	Thursday	
11	Friday	
12	Saturday	
13	Sunday	
14	Monday	
15	Tuesday	
16	Wednesday	
17	Thursday	
18	Friday	
19	Saturday	
20	Sunday	
21	Monday	
22	Tuesday	
23	Wednesday	
24	Thursday	
25	Friday	
26	Saturday	
27	Sunday	
28	Monday	
29	Tuesday	
30	Wednesday	



She cultivates flowers
and freckles -

MARY FITZGERALD

May

1	Thursday	
2	Friday	
3	Saturday	
4	Sunday	
5	Monday	
6	Tuesday	
7	Wednesday	☺
8	Thursday	
9	Friday	
10	Saturday	
11	Sunday	
12	Monday	
13	Tuesday	
14	Wednesday	☾
15	Thursday	
16	Friday	
17	Saturday	
18	Sunday	
19	Monday	
20	Tuesday	
21	Wednesday	
22	Thursday	☺
23	Friday	
24	Saturday	
25	Sunday	
26	Monday	
27	Tuesday	
28	Wednesday	
29	Thursday	
30	Friday	☺
31	Saturday	



The end of happy school-days—



MAY EMMETT

June

1	Sunday	
2	Monday	
3	Tuesday	
4	Wednesday	
5	Thursday	
6	Friday	☾
7	Saturday	
8	Sunday	
9	Monday	
10	Tuesday	
11	Wednesday	
12	Thursday	☾
13	Friday	
14	Saturday	
15	Sunday	
16	Monday	
17	Tuesday	
18	Wednesday	
19	Thursday	
20	Friday	☺
21	Saturday	
22	Sunday	
23	Monday	
24	Tuesday	
25	Wednesday	
26	Thursday	
27	Friday	
28	Saturday	☾
29	Sunday	
30	Monday	



"Youth and love
a sunny sky."



Mary Fife Taylor

July

1	Tuesday	
2	Wednesday	
3	Thursday	
4	Friday	
5	Saturday	☾
6	Sunday	
7	Monday	
8	Tuesday	
9	Wednesday	
10	Thursday	
11	Friday	
12	Saturday	☾
13	Sunday	
14	Monday	
15	Tuesday	
16	Wednesday	
17	Thursday	
18	Friday	
19	Saturday	
20	Sunday	☺
21	Monday	
22	Tuesday	
23	Wednesday	
24	Thursday	
25	Friday	
26	Saturday	
27	Sunday	
28	Monday	☾
29	Tuesday	
30	Wednesday	
31	Thursday	



Chappia finds himself
parolized on the beach:



MARY FILDES

August 2

1	Friday	
2	Saturday	
3	Sunday	☉
4	Monday	
5	Tuesday	
6	Wednesday	
7	Thursday	
8	Friday	
9	Saturday	
10	Sunday	☾
11	Monday	
12	Tuesday	
13	Wednesday	
14	Thursday	
15	Friday	
16	Saturday	
17	Sunday	
18	Monday	
19	Tuesday	☉
20	Wednesday	
21	Thursday	
22	Friday	
23	Saturday	
24	Sunday	
25	Monday	
26	Tuesday	☉
27	Wednesday	
28	Thursday	
29	Friday	
30	Saturday	
31	Sunday	



She spends August on the
mountains and becomes artistic.

MARY FLETCHER

eptember

1	Monday	
2	Tuesday	☾
3	Wednesday	
4	Thursday	
5	Friday	
6	Saturday	
7	Sunday	
8	Monday	
9	Tuesday	☾
10	Wednesday	
11	Thursday	
12	Friday	
13	Saturday	
14	Sunday	
15	Monday	
16	Tuesday	
17	Wednesday	☾
18	Thursday	
19	Friday	
20	Saturday	
21	Sunday	
22	Monday	
23	Tuesday	
24	Wednesday	☾
25	Thursday	
26	Friday	
27	Saturday	
28	Sunday	
29	Monday	
30	Tuesday	

School opens and with it come
the anxious interview with the
President.



MARY FITZMAURICE

ctober

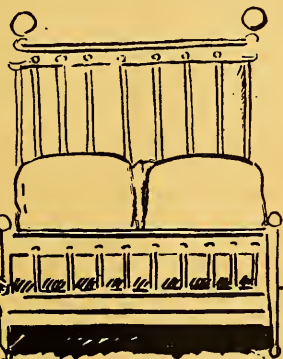
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16	Thursday	
17	Friday	☾
18	Saturday	
19	Sunday	
20	Monday	
21	Tuesday	
22	Wednesday	
23	Thursday	☾
24	Friday	
25	Saturday	
26	Sunday	
27	Monday	
28	Tuesday	
29	Wednesday	
30	Thursday	
31	Friday	☾



Regardless of criticism, she
adopts the divided skirt.

November

1	Saturday	
2	Sunday	
3	Monday	
4	Tuesday	
5	Wednesday	
6	Thursday	
7	Friday	
8	Saturday	☾
9	Sunday	
10	Monday	
11	Tuesday	
12	Wednesday	
13	Thursday	
14	Friday	
15	Saturday	☺
16	Sunday	
17	Monday	
18	Tuesday	
19	Wednesday	
20	Thursday	
21	Friday	
22	Saturday	☾
23	Sunday	
24	Monday	
25	Tuesday	
26	Wednesday	
27	Thursday	
28	Friday	
29	Saturday	☾
30	Sunday	



Writing home for a
check.



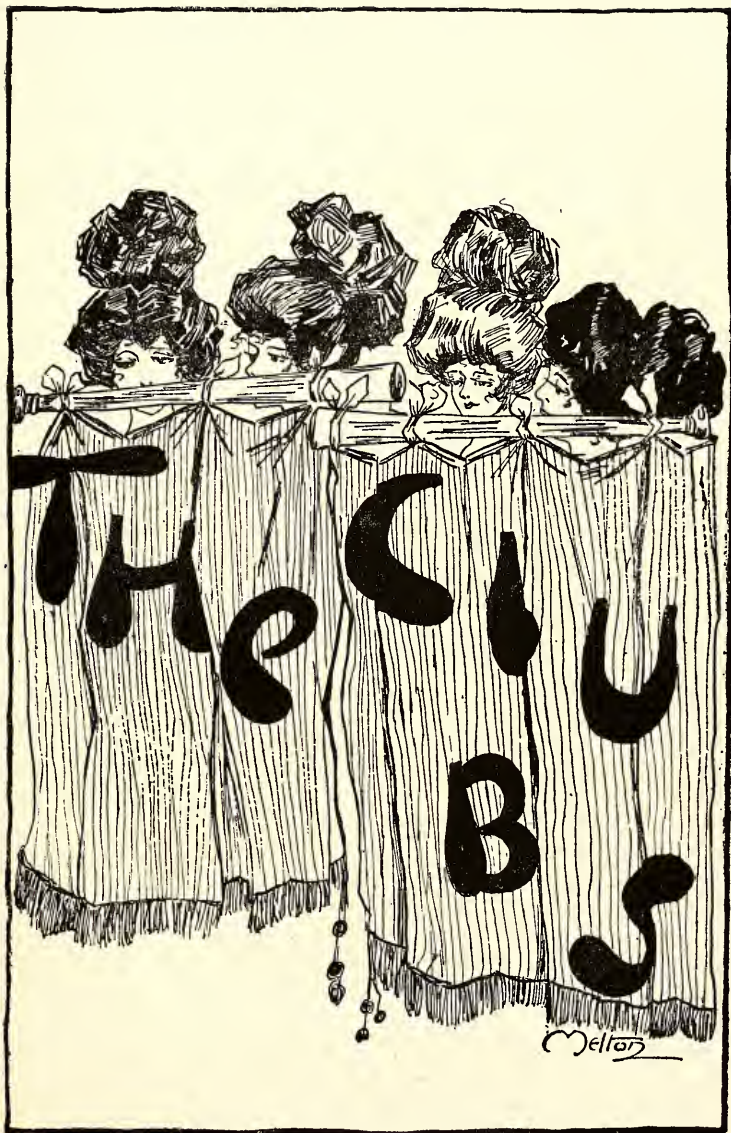
FRIDAY

ecember

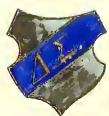
1	Monday	
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3	Wednesday	
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6	Saturday	
7	Sunday	
8	Monday	☾
9	Tuesday	
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11	Thursday	
12	Friday	
13	Saturday	
14	Sunday	☺
15	Monday	
16	Tuesday	
17	Wednesday	
18	Thursday	
19	Friday	
20	Saturday	
21	Sunday	☾
22	Monday	
23	Tuesday	
24	Wednesday	
25	Thursday	
26	Friday	
27	Saturday	
28	Sunday	
29	Monday	☾
30	Tuesday	
31	Wednesday	



MADE IN THE U.S.A.



THE
IRIS
- III -





Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

(FOUNDED IN 1894)

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



COLORS: Light Blue and Purple.

FLOWER: Violet.

YELL:

Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma!

Mayette, Mayette!

Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie!

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus!

Officers

KATIE MAY LANDRUM Grand High Mogul

SOPHIE KINDRICK ALCORN Vice Regent

BESSIE MOORE CLOPTON Quæstor

EVELYN WILSON WATKINS Chartularia

Roll for 1901-1902

SOPHIE KINDRICK ALCORN

BLANCHE MARIE COCKE NANNIE MOORE CRAIG

MARY CONSTANCE CARR MARY TAPPAN COOLIDGE

BESSIE MOORE CLOPTON FRANCES CLAUDINE GORDON

MARGARET T. McDONALD EVELYN WILSON WATKINS

KATIE MAY LANDRUM RUTH WARTERFIELD

Beta Chapter at Ogontz-Ogontz, Pa.

Sorores in Urbe

MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS

MRS. W. F. ALLEN MRS. J. E. GARNER

MRS. JOHNSON BRANSFORD MISS JULIA DUDLEY

Delta Sigma

Alpha Chapter

MARIE CLARK

MARGARET FERNOLD

MARVIE CRAIG

CHARLOTTE LONDON

Wards Seminary

MARY COLLINS

SOPHIE ALCOCK

EVELYN WATKINS

RUTH WATERFIELD

MARY CARR

BESSIE GORTON

ETHEL MAY ANDERSON

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS

THE IRIS

How I Became a Delta Sigma



HAD begged hard that week we were staying with the Winstons, but Miladi was obstinate; and so it came about on the morning we started home—a dozen happy, worn-out merrymakers—that she still wore upon her shirt waist the little sorority pin for which I would have given worlds.

A hundred times, perhaps, I had begged that I might be allowed to wear it, even for an hour; but the week had gone by, the house party was a thing of the past, and we were coming home. Each time I had asked to be "made a Delta Sigma" Miladi had replied that it was impossible; that she would never

part with it for as much as an hour, unless to pin it upon the coat of the man she loved better than she loved the band of girls composing the sorority to which she belonged; and she was almost as positive that she would never find that man.

Miladi was not a flirt; far from it. She was not averse to listening to the words of love that were drummed into her ears by every man of us that week at Winston's; but now that we were going home, there was not one who could feel that he was leading in the race for her favor. More than one of us had sworn to wear that Delta Sigma pin before the end of the week—sworn it to ourselves, 'tis true; but the oath was just as serious as if there had been a dozen witnesses. Now the week was over, and the beautiful little light-blue-and-purple emblem still rested defiantly upon Miladi's breast—rested there and kept guard over the dear heart beating within.

I saw it there as I helped Miladi on the train that came puffing and blowing into the little station, three miles from the Winston home, as if already tired, though the day had just begun. That pin held in place a full-blown red rose I had given her that last night as we wandered across the lawn from the lake where we two had been for an hour's sail—the last offering from my hand and heart—and I was glad. Did it presage something for me? I tried hard to think so, until Joe came, took the seat beside her in the car, and began pulling off the petals, one by one, to scatter them upon the floor. One fell at my feet, and I ground it with my heel. I had given up the struggle; I had given her the red rose, had staked my heart, and was going home a bankrupt. It was a furious race while it lasted during that week at Winston's; but I had come in, and "also ran."

I sat alone in a far end of the stuffy combination baggage-and-passenger-coach as the antediluvian engine wheezed and puffed its way through the forest. It was early morning when we started, and we had come to the river before the sun got far enough above the tops of the trees to dispel the fog that had settled down during the night. A chilly breeze blew up from the water, dampening the dresses of the half dozen girls as they crowded upon the front platform of the car to catch the first glimpse of home, and sent them shivering back to their seats, defeated by the mist which hung like a pall upon the broad Father of Waters.

As the train started, backing slowly down the incline that leads to the transfer boat, the party pushed forward again and waved a morning salute at the little city on the other side, just awaking from a long night of rest; while just at that moment the July sun came up above the trees with a rush, dispelling the mist and seeming to answer the salute of the little party from every emblazoned church spire and high-perched window within the limits of the town. The sight was, indeed, a glorious one; and the answering signal from the other side was: "Welcome home!"

Then the shrill whistling of the engine, three car lengths up the steep incline, struck terror to the hearts of all. We were going too fast; the car in which we sat seemed to be flying through the air. The rails had proved slippery in the fog; the brakes on the engine had refused to work; we were running away down the incline, and there was only a frail bulkhead in the boat to stop the plunge of the train.

Back from the front platform the bewildered boys and girls rushed, and I had but time to mutter: "God help us! God save them all and save her for me!"

The forward car crashed through the boat, tore away the bulkhead at the end of the tracks, and plunged into the water. Confusion reigned during the few moments that elapsed while the fated car was sinking into the mud at the bottom of the river and we were clambering out as best we could through the shattered rear end. The shrieks of the members of the party could be heard above all else as the chilly water crept around fair white throats, and the horrors of a lifetime were crowded into the ten seconds that followed the crash.

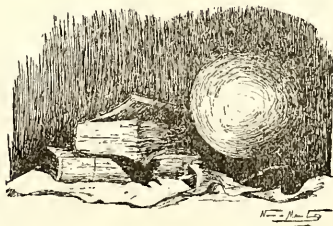
I found Miladi clinging, fainting, to the seat into which she had been thrown as the car pitched into the river. Her eyes were closed, the flush had gone from her cheeks, and I lifted her gently, as one would lift the dead; but I thanked God the rest had gone with other precious burdens and left this one for me. Out to safety we climbed, her hair all wet, and shining glossy black, brushing against my cheek. And, as we climbed, I whispered into her ear, though she could not understand: "I love you; I love you." It was the song I had sung to her always, since that first night in June, and must be the burden of all my songs forever.

Out there upon the upper deck of the transfer boat, to which we had clambered from the end of the car now sinking deeper into the mud, we watched and worked and waited for the return to consciousness of those whose senses had mercifully fled. At last Miladi's eyes opened; and, as the glad light came into them again, she reached her hand toward me, and within the clinched fingers were some crushed and bruised rose petals. I took them and kissed them, and with me to this day lingers the sweet odor that I breathed that morning.

Presently Miladi sat up, her wealth of black hair falling over her shoulders to hide her agitation and excitement that came with the memory of what had happened. I went close to her and knelt down beside her shaking form; and as I whispered to her that the danger was past, she took from her dress the dear little blue-and-purple emblem that had held my rose and pinned it upon my coat.

"Better than the sorority?" I asked, and she answered: "No, but I make you by this act a Delta Sigma."

That little pin is worth more to me than all the world besides, for Miladi still loves us both.







D. Q. R. Club

(ORGANIZED IN JANUARY, 1897)



COLORS:

Emerald and Old Gold.

FLOWER:

White Carnation.

LOLLIE

EUGENIA

BAIDEN

Vice President

ANNIE

BALDWIN

NUNNELLY

Treasurer



MARY SUMMEY

Secretary

MARGERV

CARUTHERS

Sergeant-at-Arms



MEMBERS

FRANCES HARRIS, Tennessee

LOLLIE EUGENIA BAIDEN, Florida

ANNIE BALDWIN NUNNELLY, Tennessee

MARIE AGNES COTTER, Texas

MARY SUMMEY, Tennessee

ELIZABETH CARLOSS LAMB, Tennessee

ELIZABETH HUGHES, Kentucky

TOM KITTRELL SIMS, Tennessee

MARGERV CARUTHERS, Kentucky









As sister's heart with a sister's hand
Is the noblest right of woman
A mutual end with common might
Wins the crisis of the fight



D. H. D. Club

(ORGANIZED IN OCTOBER, 1900)

COLORS: Black and Gold.
FLOWER: Chrysanthemum.

MOTTO:
"United, we stand; divided, we fall."

YELL:

Well, well, well!
Who can tell?
One I Zipper, Two I Zipper,
Three I Zipper, Zam!
Phiz! Siz! Buzz! Boom!
Hip Zoo! Rah Zoo!
Siss! Boom! Bah!
D. H. D.! D. H. D.! Rah, rah, rah!

Officers

LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS	Grand Exalted Ruler
JANE MORAN ROGERS	Grand Ruler
BESSIE CLAIRE HEFLEY	Worthy Grand Scribe
CLARA ELIZABETH PARK	Worthy Scribe



Roll Call of 1901-1902

BESSIE CLAIRE HEFLEY, Texas	CLARA ELIZABETH PARK, Kentucky
NETTIE LEE PICKETT, Texas	LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS, Kentucky
JANE MORAN ROGERS, Kentucky	MAI DEE MOORE, Mississippi
ESSIE TISDALE, Tennessee	

Roll Call of 1900-1901

SUSIE ELIZABETH ABNEY, Kentucky	LILLIAN MAE WILLIAMS, Kentucky
JANE M. ROGERS, Kentucky	HULDA GLOESCHER, Ohio
CLARA ELIZABETH PARK, Kentucky	ALMA GLOESCHER, Ohio
LILLIAN LUCILE SCOTT, Tennessee	CARRIE STUART, Ohio

Ward's

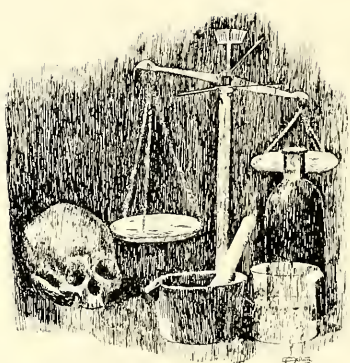
1902

1 MISS LILLIAN WILLIAMS
 2 MISS JANE ROGERS
 3 MISS BESSIE HEFLEY
 4 MISS CLARA PARK
 5 MISS MAY DEE FLOORE
 6 MISS NETTIE LEE PICKETT

**H
D D**

"When friendship, love, and truth abound
 Among a band of brothers,
 The cup of joy goes gayly round;
 Each shares the bliss of others.

"Sweet roses grace the thorny way
 Along the vale of sorrow;
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
 Will bloom again to-morrow."







W.4.4

FLOWER :
Night-blooming Jasmine.

COLORS :
Army Blue and Gold.

OFFICERS

GRAY GATLIN President
LUCY PIERSON Vice President
MAUDE STEBBINS Secretary and Treasurer
LYDA JACKSON Sergeant-at-Arms
RUBY FOWLER Skull Holder

MEMBERS

EMMA WALKER
LESLIE LATTA
LYDA JACKSON

DAISY D. SMITH
LEILA JONES
GRAY GATLIN

LUCY PIERSON
MAUDE STEBBINS
RUBY FOWLER

DANNIE YOUNG
LULA TUBB

MSK/12

THE
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“FOUR, ELEVEN, FORTY-FOUR”



Daughters of the mystic arts,
Mistresses of many hearts,
Greetings fair I bring to you :
Pleasant be your paths each day,
Life a symphony as gay
As the wild bird's carol.

Roses sweet, without a thorn,
Wet with dew of life's fresh morn,
Lie along your pathway ;
May the year such pleasure bring
That your hearts will always sing
In their joy and gladness.

E. C.







(CLUB ORGANIZED IN FEBRUARY, 1897)

FLOWER: Chrysanthemum.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

MOTTO: "Ars longa, vita brevis."

CLUB DAY: St. Cecilia Day, November 22.



Officers

IRENE RUSSELL	President
MAUD WILSON	Vice President
EMMA WALKER	Recording Secretary
LILLIAN WILLIAMS	Corresponding Secretary
MISS CALDWELL	Musical Director



Baisden



HERE are so many myths and legends connected with the life of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, that it is difficult to ascertain her actual story. This much, however, is authentic: that she was born in Rome, of a noble family, about 227, during the reign of Alexander Severus, and that she was reared in the Christian faith. Though she had vowed to devote herself to the church, her parents compelled her to marry Valerian, a nobleman of high rank. She converted him, however, and also his brother, Severus. They went about doing good and securing converts, which caused them to be persecuted. After being tortured in various ways, St. Cecilia died; and, when dying, she requested that her house should become a place for Christian worship. A church was built over it, then destroyed, and again and again rebuilt, and it is said that her bones repose in a silver shrine beneath the altar.

She was beautiful in person and character; was very gifted in music, and devoted her talents to the development of church music. This, with her martyrdom, caused her to be canonized; and music and the kindred arts—painting and poetry—have vied with each other in doing her homage. Among the many beautiful pictures of her the one by Raphael ranks first. She is represented as standing, with all the known musical instruments at her feet, the organ pipe (which she is supposed to have invented) in her hands; to her right stand St. Paul and St. John; on her left, St. Augustine and Mary Magdalene; above is a choir of angels, to whom the saint is listening with ecstasy.

"Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lifted the soul to heaven."

LILLIAN MAY WILLIAMS.

The St. Cecilia Club

(A SYMPHONY)

Members

IRENE RUSSELL . . . Barcarolle

MAUD WILSON Fugue

EMMA WALKER Sonata

LILLIAN WILLIAMS Waltz

ELIZA TALLY Reverie MARIE COTTER Caprice

MABEL ROWELL Nocturne LOLLIE BAISDEN Two-step

AGNES LITTLE Gavotte HALLIE HOPKINS Polka

ANNA L. FOREMAN . . . Pastoral

LUCILE BAREFIELD . . . Galop

ZULMA CROSS Fantasia

NONA HAGGARD } . . . Duo
EDITH HAGGARD }

BERTHA McELROY . . . Largo

BYRD HENDERSON . . . Scherzo

LEILA JONES Bagatelle

MARY LILLY PRICE . . . Étude

ELLA AINSWORTH . . . Minuet

DOVIE MYERS Berceuse

DRAMATIC

CLUB.



ELSIE WOODWORTH READ . . . General Manager

MEMBERS

LAURA ELLIOTT

MARY LOUISE LOVE

ROSE WISE

LUCILE ROGERS

TOM SIMS

SHIRLEY SKILLERN

MARGERY CARUTHERS

EOLINE HOWZE

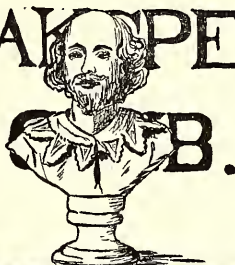
ELIZABETH HUGHES

GRAY GATLIN

Winnie Mae Co.



SHAKSPEARE



ELIZABETH CHAPMAN . . . Manager
LEON H. VINCENT . . . Lecturer

TOM SIMS President
ELIZABETH GLENN . . . Vice President
CAROLYN DuBOSE . Secretary

N.M. Cox

Shakespeare Club



Members

SOPHIE ALCORN

ANNE RHEA

NITA RICE

SADIE PECK

EMMA BERRY

MARTHA CARROLL

JOSEPHINE MUNFORD

TOM SIMS

THEO. SCRUGGS

ALICE BORDEN

LUCILE ROGERS

LUCY PIERSON

MABEL MURRAY

LUCILE OLIVE

NELLY WALSH

BESSIE DUNBAR

BESSIE HEFLEY

CAROLYN DuBOSE

ANNIE NUNNELLY

LORAIN MEEKS

MAUDE STEBBINS

ESSIE McBRIDE

MARY HUGHES

ELIZABETH GLENN

KATHERINE HART

RUTH WARTERFIELD

LILLIAN WILLIAMS

FEDORA JONAS

JANE ROGERS

ADDINE SMITH

JANE TILLMAN

MARGARET HENDERSON

MARY CHEATHAM

ELIZA TALLY

AGNES O'BRYAN

KATHERINE ROTHROCK

MAUD WILSON LENA TAMBLE

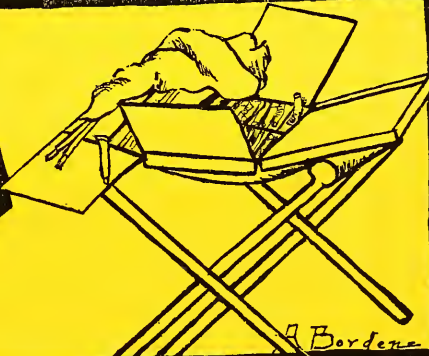
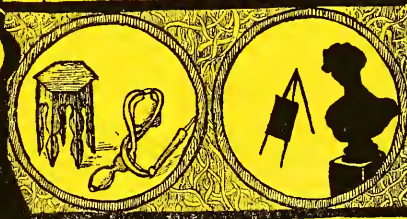




Studio



Callamus Parkes-Melton Pres
Honor William, H. Pres
May the Lady - Sect
Alice Borden Trever



A Borden



Illustrators

Ida Ruth Aldredge.
Rebecca Baird.

Lottie Eugenia Bairden

Anna Bradwell Blanton.

THE
IRIS
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Alice Borden

Mabel Murray

Kathleen Barr.

Mary Emma Rodgers.

Mary Emma Caley

Maudy. Henry. Kilburn,

Nemie May Cox

Kate Tillotte

Jennie Louise Garrison

Mary Tucker

Bena Ferguson

May Lile Surley

Lila. Jones

Susan Webb.

Catherine Mabel Nelson.

Susie. Wilkes

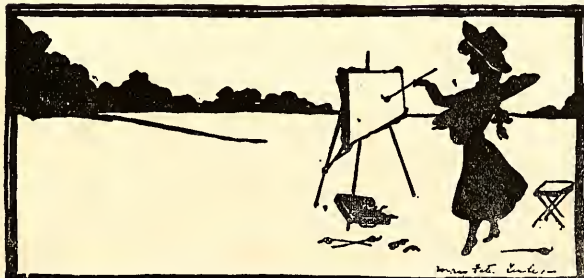
STUDIO CLUB

OFFICERS

CATHARINE MELTON	President
MAUDE STEBBINS	Vice President
MARY FITE TURLEY	Secretary
ALICE BORDEN	Treasurer

MEMBERS

RUTH ALDRIDGE	Estill, Miss.
ANNA BLANTON	Nashville, Tenn.
ALICE BORDEN	Corpus Christi, Texas.
REBECCA BAIRD	Nashville, Tenn.
LA UNA BLACK	Nashville, Tenn.
LOLLIE BAISDEN	Live Oak, Fla.
KATHLEEN CARR	Mount Pleasant, Texas.
VIRNA COLBY	Houston, Texas.
NANNIE MAY COX	Nashville, Tenn.
JENNIE LOUISE DAVISON	Nashville, Tenn.
FANNY RHEA FRITH	Nashville, Tenn.
HATTIE HAYS	Cullman, Ala.
LEILA JONES	Hot Springs, Ark.
MAI DEE MOORE	Winona, Miss.
CHRISTINE MEMMINGER	Flat Rock, N. C.
MABEL MURRAY	Nashville, Tenn.
CATHARINE MELTON	Nashville, Tenn.
MARY TOM ODIL	Nashville, Tenn.
MAUDE STEBBINS	Abbeville, La.
MARY TUCKER	Nashville, Tenn.
KATE TILLET	Nashville, Tenn.
MARY FITE TURLEY	Nashville, Tenn.
JUDITH WILKES	Nashville, Tenn.
RACHEL WEMYSS	Louisville, Ky.
SUSAN WEBB	Bellbuckle, Tenn.
SUSIE WILKES	Nashville, Tenn.
DAISY WAMEL	Deming, N. M.





Cabinet Officers.

President *Lilla Lynn Morton*
 Vice President *Mary Summy*
 Secretary *Betha Aauscho.*
 Treasurer *Gail Miller.*

Chm. of Missionary Comth. *Betha & M. Shug.*
May Belle Jones Chm. of Music Comth.
 Chm. of Lookout Comth. *Edna May Leachman*
Gene Russell Chm. of Prayermeeting Comth.
 Chm. of Reception Comth. *Tom H. Sasser.*
Louise H. Allen Chm. of Whatever Comth.

The Lord watch between me
 and thee while we are absent
 one from another



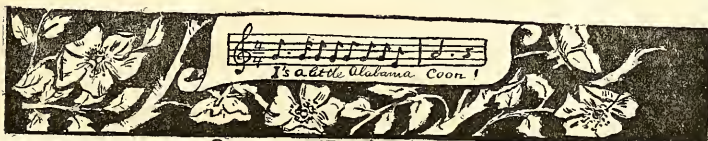


Officers

IRENE RUSSELL	President
ALICE COONS	Vice President
FLORENCE GOODE	Secretary
ELIZA TALLY	Treasurer

Members

MISS PARKER, Tuscaloosa	ETTA LOWENTHAL, Huntsville
MARY BELLE JONES, Montgomery	FLORENCE GOODE,
ALICE COONS, Huntsville	CORA SCHIFFMAN, Huntsville
ELIZA TALLY, Stevenson	ROSE WISE, Huntsville
ANNIE SCHIFFMAN, Huntsville	JOANNA BATTLE, Huntsville



Mississippi

Club



YELL:

Bum-a-ling, bum-a-ling!
 Ting, ting, ting!
 Ching-a-ling, ching-a-ling!
 Ching, ching, ching!
 Bum-a-ling, ching-a-ling!
 Who are we?
 Mississippi! Mississippi!
 Ra! Ra! Re!

Officers

CAROLINE MONTGOMERY . . .	President
MABEL SCALES . . .	Vice President
MAI DEE MOORE . . .	Secretary
RUTH ALDRIDGE . . .	Treasurer

Members

BERTHA BARBER	VIVA HARRISON
DAISY D. SMITH	BLANCHE ARCHER
NANNIE CRAIG	LUTIE SCOTT
REBA GOLDSMITH	HELEN HINTON
ESSIE MCBRIDE	BONITO HINTON
LUCILE BAREFIELD	HELEN BAREFIELD
CECIL YOUNG	ZULMA CROSS

MOTTO:
 Honor to us.

FLOWER:
 Cotton Blossom.



COLORS:
 Pink and Green.



TENNESSEE CLUB

COLORS:
Olive Green and White.

FLOWER:
Narcissus.

MOTTO:
Honor to our State.

YELL:

Boomalaka, hoomalaka!
Bow, wow, wow!
Chinckalaka, chinckalaka!
Chow, chow, chow!
Boomalaka, chinckalaka!
Who are we?
The Ward girls of Tennessee!

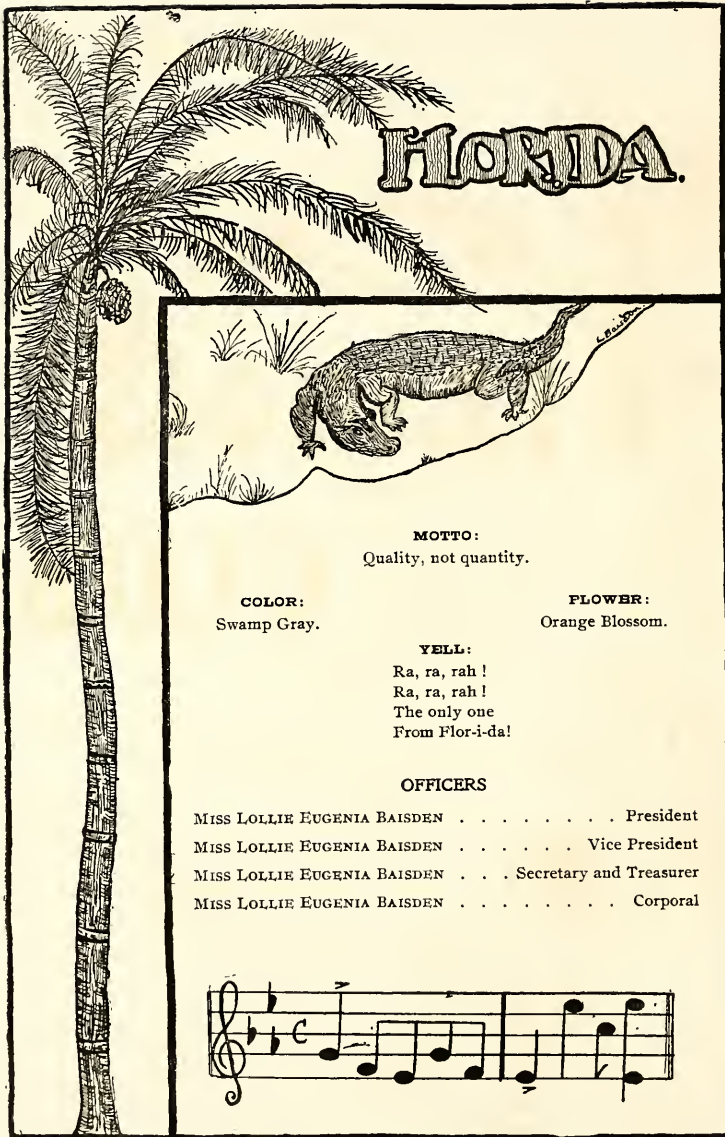


OFFICERS

LUCILE ROGERS	President
MARY SUMMEY	Vice President
LUCY PIERSON	Secretary
ANNIE NUNNELLY	Treasurer
LESLIE LATTA and FRANCES HARRIS	Sergeants-at-Arms

MEMBERS

ANDREWENA ALEXANDER	ELIZABETH LAMB
LEONORA BAILEY	VERTIE McLANE
MARY BELL	ANNIE NUNNELLY
MIRIAM BLANTON	REBEKAH ODEN
LOUISE BRIGHAM	MAMIE PRATT
AGNES BENNETT	MARGARET PRITCHARD
MAY CROCKETT	LUCY PIERSON
GERTRUDE CARTER	KATHERINE ROTHROCK
PHILA DONELSON	BERTHA RAUSCHER
ELOISE EWING	NITA RICE
RUBY FOWLER	LUCILE ROGERS
POLLY GRAHAM	TOM SIMS
BEBE GOANS	SHIRLEY SKILLERN
HALLIE HOPKINS	MARY SUMMEY
FRANCES HARRIS	LULA TUBB
NONA HAGGARD	ESSIE TISDALE
EDITH HAGGARD	SUSAN WEBB
MYRTLE HAYS	EMMA WALKER
MATTIE LOU HARRIS	ZELLE WILKES
EULA JONES	EVELYN WATKINS
LESLIE LATTA	DANNIE YOUNG



FLORIDA.



MOTTO:

Quality, not quantity.

COLOR:

Swamp Gray.

FLOWER:

Orange Blossom.

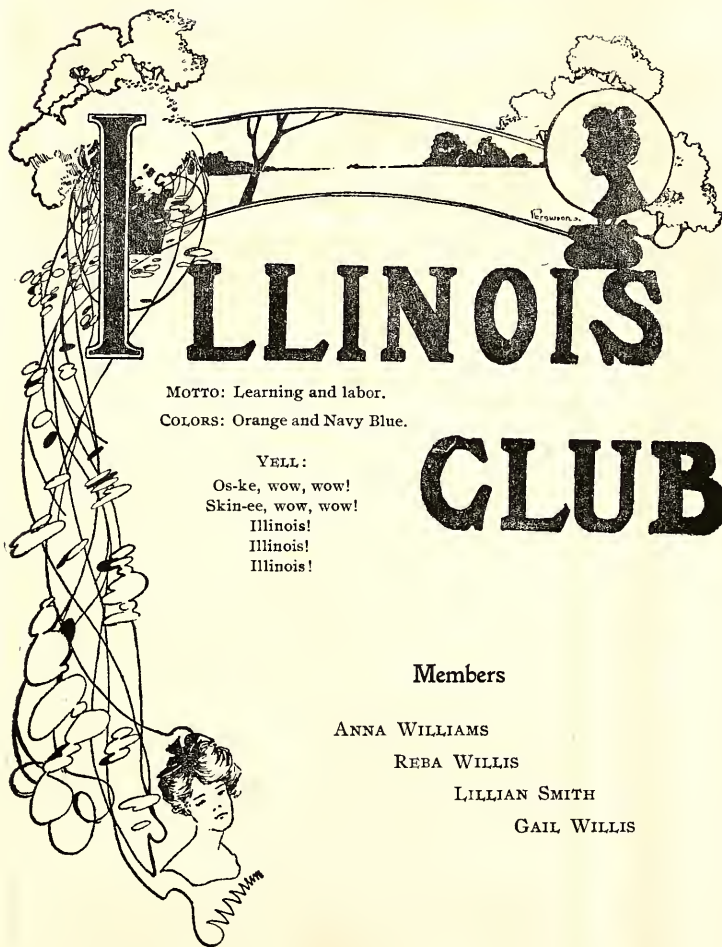
YELL:

Ra, ra, rah !
Ra, ra, rah !
The only one
From Flor-i-da!

OFFICERS

MISS LOLLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN President
MISS LOLLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN Vice President
MISS LOLLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN Secretary and Treasurer
MISS LOLLIE EUGENIA BAISDEN Corporal





MOTTO: Learning and labor.

COLORS: Orange and Navy Blue.

YELL:

Os-ke, wow, wow!
Skin-ee, wow, wow!
Illinois!
Illinois!
Illinois!

CLUB

THE
IRIS
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Members

ANNA WILLIAMS

REBA WILLIS

LILLIAN SMITH

GAIL WILLIS



M. Tucker

KENTUCKY

FLOWER: Wild Rose.

COLORS: Green and Pink.

MOTTO: "United, we stand; divided, we fall."

YELL:

Rah, rah, rah!

Kentucky!

Officers

ELIZABETH HUGHES	President
SOPHIE ALCORN	Vice President
MARY CARR	Secretary
MARGERY CARUTHERS	Treasurer

Members

SOPHIE ALCORN	MARGERY CARUTHERS	MARY CARR
ANNA LEE FOREMAN	GRAY GATLIN	ELIZABETH HUGHES
KATIE MAY LANDRUM	CLARA PARK	LILLIAN WILLIAMS
JANE ROGERS		RACHEL WEMYSS

"In Kentucky"

I.

The moonlight is the softest
 In Kentucky.
 Summer days come oftenest
 In Kentucky.
 Friendship is the strongest,
 Love's fires glow the longest;
 Yet a wrong is always wrongest
 In Kentucky.

II.

The sun shines ever brightest
 In Kentucky.
 The breezes whisper lightest
 In Kentucky.
 Plain girls are the fewest;
 Maidens' eyes are the bluest,
 Their little hearts are the truest,
 In Kentucky.



III.

Orators are the grandest
 In Kentucky.
 Officials are the blandest
 In Kentucky.
 Boys are the fleetest,
 Danger ever nighest,
 Fares are the highest,
 In Kentucky.

Louisiana Club

FLOWER:
Rice Blossom.

COLORS:
Tan and Green.

Officers

MAUDE STEBBINS, President

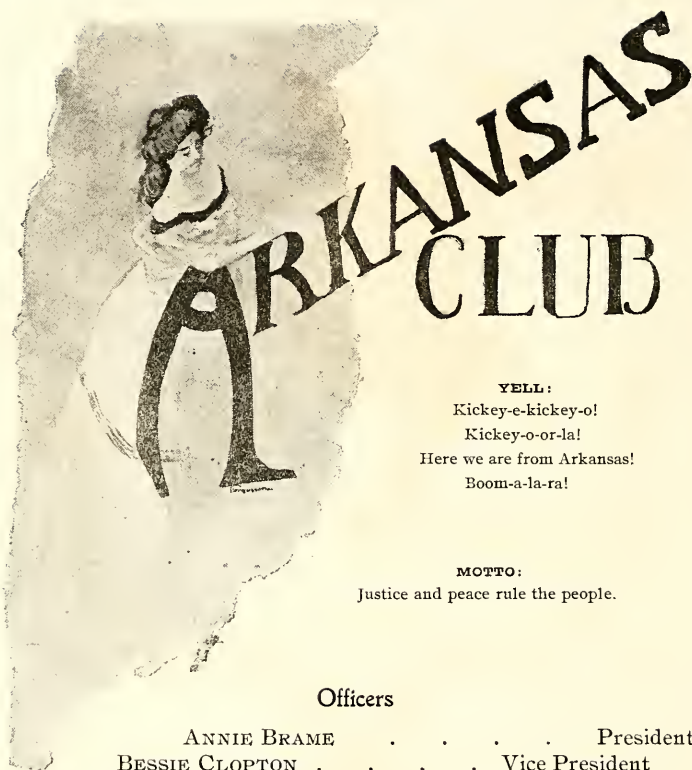
GERTRUDE SOKOLOSKY, Vice President

BLANCHE BERGMAN, Secretary and Treasurer

CHIEF INSPIRATION:
Gulf Breezes.

SERGEANTS-AT-ARMS:
The Three.

YELL:
Je vous aime!
Je vous adore!
We three!
And not one more!



YELL:

Kickey-e-kickey-o!

Kickey-o-or-la!

Here we are from Arkansas!

Boom-a-la-ra!

MOTTO:

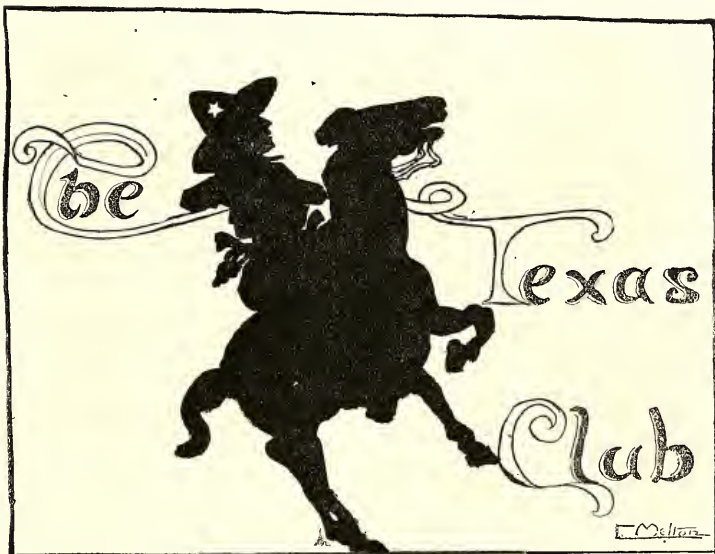
Justice and peace rule the people.

Officers

ANNIE BRAME	.	.	.	President
BESSIE CLOPTON	.	.	.	Vice President
ELIZABETH COLLIER	.	.	.	Secretary
CLAUDINE GORDON	.	.	.	Treasurer

Members

LEILA JONES	
MARY T. COOLIDGE	
MARIE COCKE	ALICE SHORT
HATTIE SHORT	LYDA JACKSON
EVELYN HARKNESS	CECILE BRYAN
MABEL BRYAN	RUTH GUISE
	DARDIS McDANIEL



THE
IRIS
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YELL:

Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
Texas!

FLOWER:

Cactus.

COLORS:

Old Rose and Black.

OFFICERS

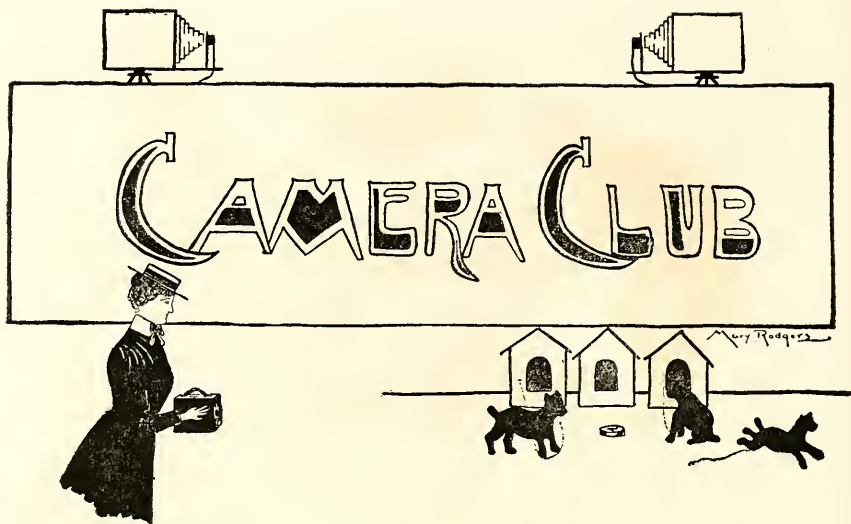
President	ALICE BORDEN	Famous Lassoess
Vice President	BESSIE HEFLEY	Broncho Breaker
Secretary	MAUD WILSON	Our Lone Star
Treasurer	MABEL ROWELL	Crack Riflewoman

MEMBERS

MARIE COTTER, Handsome in a Sombrero
BYRD HENDERSON, Champion Tournament Runner
KATHLEEN CARR, Owner of a Six-bit Mustang

VIRNA COLBY, Merry Little Prairie Dog
LUCILE FRIZZELL, Shorthorn Steer
NETTIE LEE PICKETT, Our Little Cattle Queen

Honorary Member—MR. A. P. FOSTER



OFFICERS

NANNIE CRAIG	President
MARY T. COOLIDGE	Vice President
LYDA JACKSON	Secretary
VIVA HARRISON	Treasurer

MEMBERS

CLAUDINE GORDON	MARY LILLY PRICE
MAI DEE MOORE	CECILE BRYAN
KATIE MAY LANDRUM	BONITO HINTON
BESSIE CLOPTON	DARDIS MCDANIEL
MARIE COCKE	LUTIE SCOTT
SOPHIE ALCORN	ELIZABETH COLLIER
MARY CARR	KATHLEEN CARR
ALICE SHORT	LEILA JONES
HATTIE SHORT	ETTA LOWENTHAL
MABEL BRYAN	ELLA AINSWORTH
MAY CROCKETT	BERTHA McELROY
	BYRD HENDERSON



FLOWER:
American Beauty.

MOTTO:
"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

COLORS:
Red and White.

Officers

HAROLD F. WINSTEAD	President	VIVA HARRISON
RICHARD H. LEMAR	Vice President	LYDA JACKSON
NED T. FERRY	Secretary and Treasurer	CAROLINE MONTGOMERY
ROB. P. FITZGERALD	Leaders	{ CLAUDINE GORDON
ERIC D. FIELDING		{ MAI DEE MOORE
GUY T. MANNING		GERTRUDE CARTER

Members

ALFRED F. DOUGLAS	-	-	-	-	-	BESSIE CLOPTON
LAURIE W. CLAYTON	-	-	-	-	-	FRANCES HARRIS
MERIDITH D. HAMILTON	-	-	-	-	-	MAUDE STEBBINS
ERNEST B. LEMAR	-	-	-	-	MARY T. COOLIDGE	
LOUIS B. FITZGERALD	-	-	-	-	LOLLIE BAISDEN	
NICK H. MERRILL	-	-	-	-	LEILA JONES	
EMMETT G. CAGE	-	-	-	-	NANNIE CRAIG	
STEVE M. WELLBORN	-	-	-	-	MAY CROCKETT	
TOM E. HAYWOOD	-	-	-	-	MARIE COCKE	
MACK C. GILL	-	-	-	-	KATIE MAY LANDRUM	
BYRON W. RANDOLF	-	-	-	-	ANNIE NUNNELLY	
CARL C. BRANDON	-	-	-	-	MARY CARR	



Chafing Dish

FLOWER: Butter and Eggs.
 COLORS: Blue and Gold.
 MOTTO: "Eat, drink, and be merry."

YELL:
 Ho! Ah!
 Here we are!
 Roasting, toasting!
 Rah, rah, rah!

Officers

MAI DEE MOORE	President
LEILA JONES	Vice President
LUCY PIERSON	Secretary
BESSIE HEFLEY	Treasurer

Members

LYDA JACKSON	MAY CROCKETT
VIVA HARRISON	HATTIE SHORT
LUTIE SCOTT	RUBY FOWLER
ELIZABETH COLLIER	KATHLEEN CARR
LILLIAN WILLIAMS	ALICE SHORT
CLARA PARK	MAUDE STEBBINS
BLANCHE BERGMAN	JANE ROGERS
VIRNA COLBY	SUSAN WEBB
DAISY D. SMITH	GERTRUDE SIMPSON
ESSIE MCBRIDE	LUCILE ROGERS



THE JOLLY LUNCH CLUB

THE
IRIS
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MOTTO:

Give all that's left to the boarders.

FRUIT:

Bananas.

COLORS:

Salmon and Olive.

PASS SIGN:

Lunch Box.

OFFICERS

EMMA BERRY, Most Exalted Stuffer

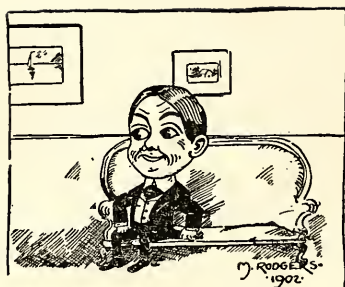
ERMINE DAVIS, Ungodly Drinker of Pickle Juice

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CHOLLY—(who has been waiting forty-minutes). Maude thinks
I am 'cute' when I smile, but if I rather tough on a
fellow!

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THE
IRIS
- 157 -

A GROUP OF PRIMARY PUPILS

MISS MUSA McDONALD
Principal

MISS MARGARET CALDWELL
Assistant

MISS CAROLINE McDONALD
Assistant

Primary Classes

Session 1901-1902

Senior

FLOWER: Pansy.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

HELEN NELSON	President	SADIE CAUVIN
LUCILE ALLEN	Vice President	MARY KIRKMAN
MARTHA DOUGLAS	Secretary	MILDRED RAINS
NANINE KELLY	Treasurer	BESSIE TURNER
RUTH ALEXANDER	CHRISTINE CARMACK	JOSEPHINE WILKERSON
EDITH DENNY	KATHERINE HAMM	
MABEL MASON	LIZZIE NICHOL	
NELSON SAVAGE	AMELIA TIGERT	
JULIA VAUGHN		

Junior

FLOWER: Carnation.

COLORS: White and Rose.

GEORGIA HUME	President	RUTH CRUTCHFIELD
MARY HOLLINS	Vice President	ELIZABETH SHWAB
THEO. FOWLKES	Secretary	ELLEN WALLACE
SARAH BRADFORD	Treasurer	
MAY CRUTCHFIELD	MARGARET CHRISTOPHER	
LUCY DENNY	ALICE HIBBETT	
PORTIA SAVAGE	MARTHA TILLMAN	

Sophomore

FLOWER: Red Geranium.

COLORS: Red and White.

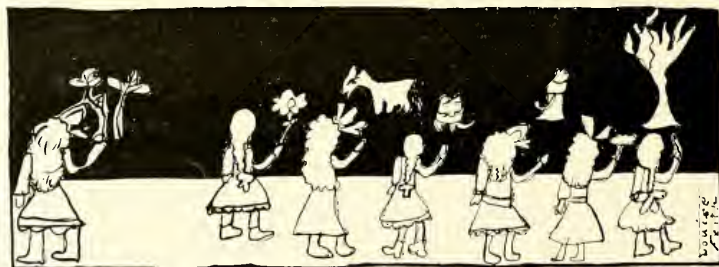
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MIRIAM APPLEBEE	Vice President	
MAMIE DUNCAN	Secretary	
LOUISE WITHERSPOON	Treasurer	
FANNIE BENNIE	MARIE HARWELL	

Freshman

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

COLORS: White and Blue.

LUCY TILLMAN	President	MARTHA FRITH
GLADYS NEAL	Vice President	
ELSIE MCGILL	Secretary	
EMMA BAXTER VAUGHAN	Treasurer	MARY WITHERSPOON
FRANCES BOND	AGATHA BROWN	
JEAN MORGAN		





Commencement



Saturday, May 24—3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

Art Exhibition in the Seminary Parlors.

Sunday, May 25—11 A.M.

Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. J. T. Plunket, D.D., of Augusta, Ga., at First Presbyterian Church.

SUBJECT: "The Sphere and Dignity of Woman's Work."

Monday, May 26—8 P.M.

Commencement Recital in Seminary Chapel.

Tuesday, May 27—3 P.M.

Senior Banquet at the Maxwell House.

Tuesday, May 27—8:30 to 10:30 P.M.

Alumnæ Reception in the Seminary Parlors.

Wednesday, May 28—10 A.M.

Commencement Exercises in Seminary Chapel.

Invocation by Rev. William M. Anderson, D.D.

QUARTET—"Barcarolle" (*Brahms*), by Miss Louise Warren, Miss Calista Bailey, Miss Nita Rice, Miss Minnie Reed.

Literary Address, by Rev. Ira Landrith: "The Five Turrets on the Tower of a Noble Character."

SOLO—"My Dreams" (*Tosti*), by Miss Mary T. Coolidge.

Diplomas Awarded, by Gen. Gates P. Thruston.

Benediction, by Dr. W. E. Ellis.

Classes of 1902



Graduates in Seminary Course

SOPHIE KINDRICK ALCORN, Kentucky	AGNES TRABUE O'BRYAN, Tennessee
EMMA HORATIA BERRY, Tennessee	SADIE BUCKNER PECK, Tennessee
ALICE BORDEN, Texas	LUCY ADELAIDE PIERSON, Tennessee
MARTHA ELIZABETH CARROLL, Tennessee	ANNE RHEA, Tennessee
MARY CHEATHAM, Tennessee	NITA RICE, Tennessee
CAROLYN WADE DUBOSE, Tennessee	JANE MORAN ROGERS, Kentucky
BESSIE GIBBS DUNBAR, Tennessee	LUCILE VINCENT ROGERS, Tennessee
MARION ELIZABETH GLENN, Tennessee	KATHERINE ROTHROCK, Tennessee
KATHERINE HART, Tennessee	THEODORA SCRUGGS, Tennessee
BESSIE CLAIRE HEFLEY, Texas	TOM KITTRELL SIMS, Tennessee
MARGARET HENDERSON, Tennessee	ADDINE DEFOREST SMITH, Tennessee
MARY KENDRICK HUGHES, Tennessee	MAUDE STEBBINS, Louisiana
FEDORA JONAS, Tennessee	ELIZA TALLY, Alabama
ESSIE MCBRIDE, Mississippi	LENA PETRIE TAMBLE, Tennessee
LORAIN MEEKS, Tennessee	JANE SMITH TILLMAN, Tennessee
JOSEPHINE UNDERWOOD MUNFORD, Tennessee	NELLY WALSH, Tennessee
MABEL MURRAY, Tennessee	RUTH WARTERFIELD, Tennessee
ANNIE BALDWIN NUNNELLY, Tennessee	LILLIAN MAY WILLIAMS, Kentucky
ALICE LUCILE OLIVE, Tennessee	MAUD WILSON, Texas

Graduates in Elocution

GRAY ACREE GATLIN, Kentucky	MARY LOUISE LOVR, Tennessee
ELIZABETH HUGHES, Kentucky	ROSE GOLDMAN WISE, Alabama

Graduates in Piano

ELIZABETH CLOPTON, Arkansas	LESLIE VIRGINIA LATT, Tennessee
ALICE COONS, Alabama	MAMIE STROUD ROGERS, Tennessee
LUCILE FRIZZELL, Texas	LILLIAN MAY WILLIAMS, Kentucky
FEDORA JONAS, Tennessee	

Graduates in Voice

CALISTA ELIZABETH BAILEY, Tennessee	NITA RICE, Tennessee
MINNIE MERLE REED, Tennessee	LOUISE WARREN, Tennessee

College Preparatory Certificates

To Wellesley College

ALICE CARROLL, Tennessee	THEODORA COOLEY SCRUGGS, Tennessee
NANNIE HENSLEY OVERTON, Tennessee	LILLIAN PEARL SMITH, Illinois

To Vanderbilt University

ETHEL BRADSHAW CHAPPELL, Tennessee	KATHERINE GORDON ROTHROCK, Tennessee
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Voice

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Piano

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MARY BELLE JONES, Alabama	LUTIE IRENE SCOTT, Mississippi
EDNA ROGERS, Tennessee	MARY EMMA WALKER, Tennessee

“ONLY FUNNING”

96

Erat a girl cumi eyes of brown,
Aspexit cum et looked down,
Cum meekness very stunning.
He dixit: “Ego amo te;
Will you be mine, my cara? Say!”
She said: “You’re only funning.”

Vain puellæ smile very false;
They lead the boys a lively waltz
Cum innocentus cunning,
Et then cum every cruel art
They strive to break each puer’s heart,
And say: “You’re only funning.”

Et tristis then he went away,
In deepest darkness was his day,
Puella was so stunning.
Sed fleuit she: “Would I were dead!
I wish that I had never said
To him: ‘You’re only funning.’”

E. C.

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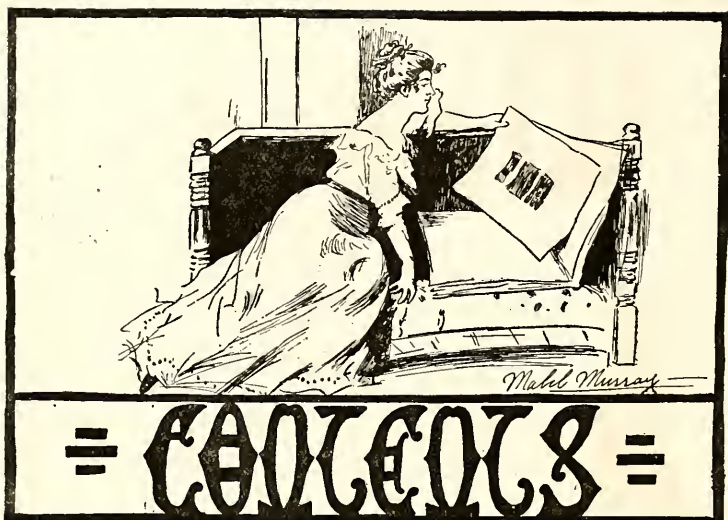
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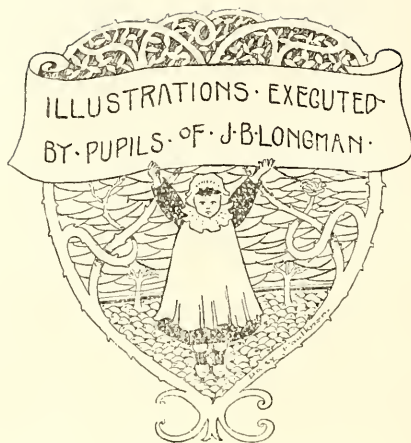




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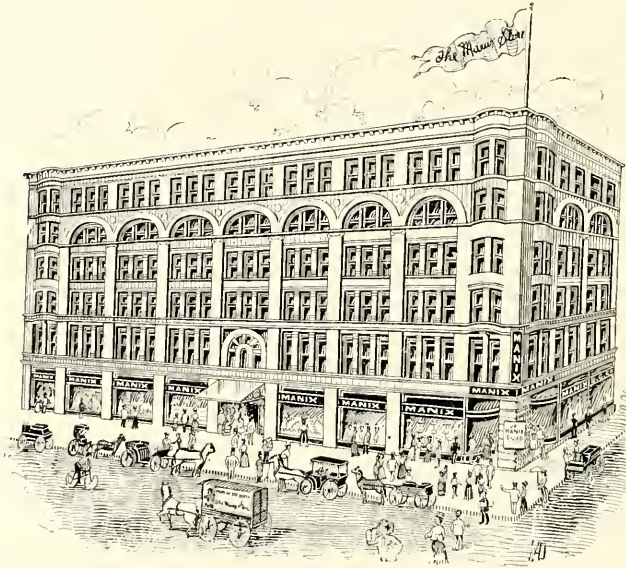
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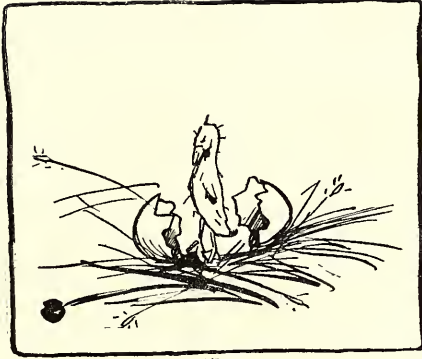
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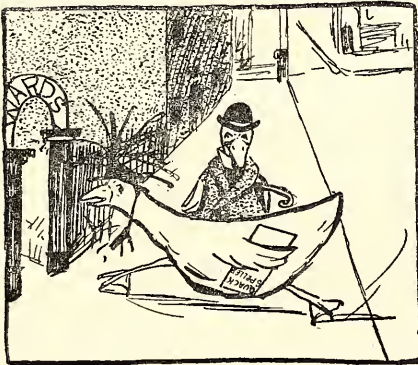


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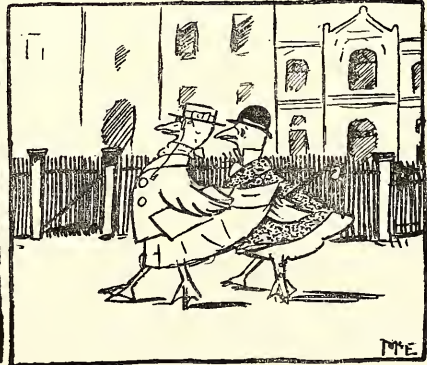


II

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III



IV

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Shakespeare, “The Tempest.”

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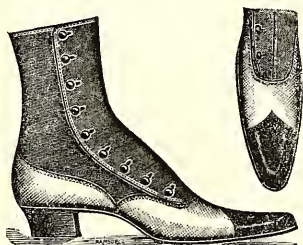
“ What's in a name? ”

Shakespeare, “Romeo and Juliet.”

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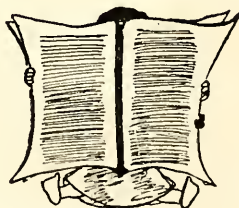


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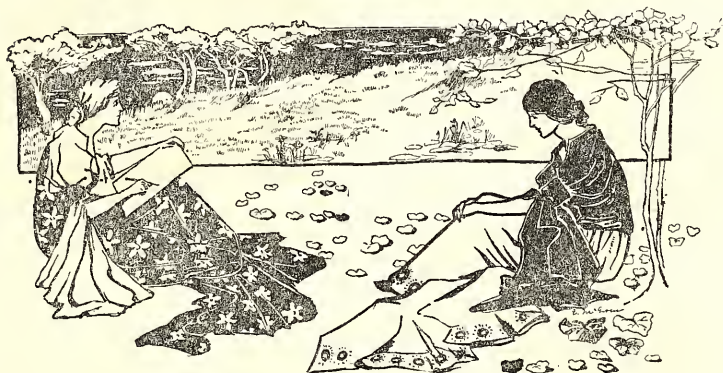
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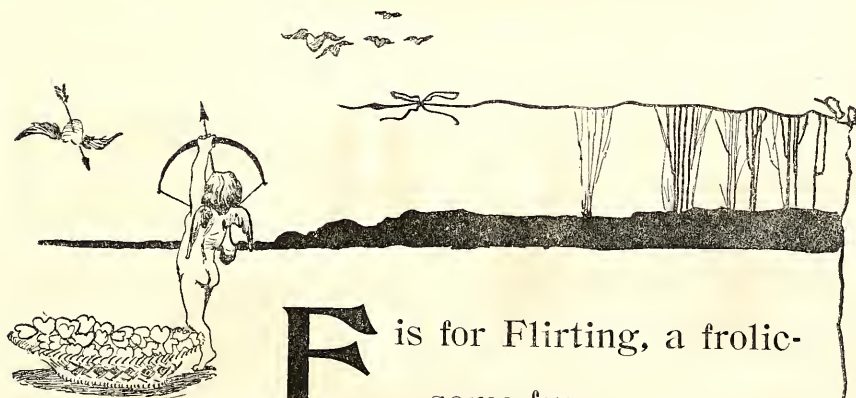
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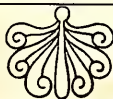
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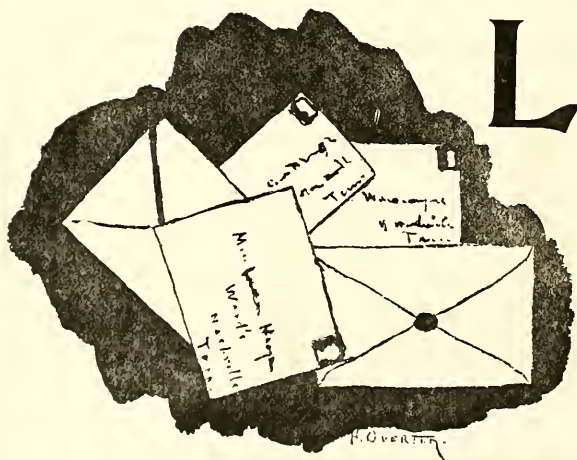
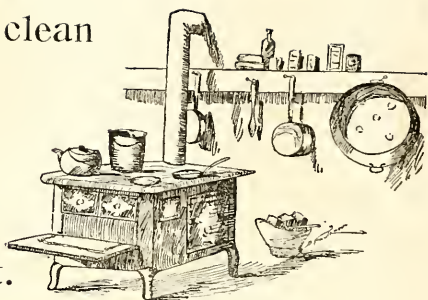


J is for Jennings, the Belle of
Ward School,

Who surely "peals forth," if we
break any rule.

K is for kitchen, so clean
and so neat,

From which issue forth
our bread and our meat.



L is for Letters we
get at mail call,

And if we don't
get them, then
our tears fall.

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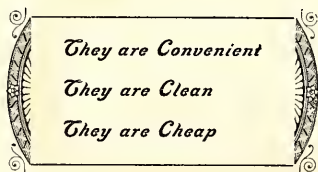
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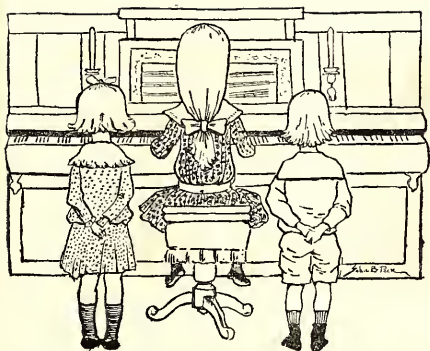
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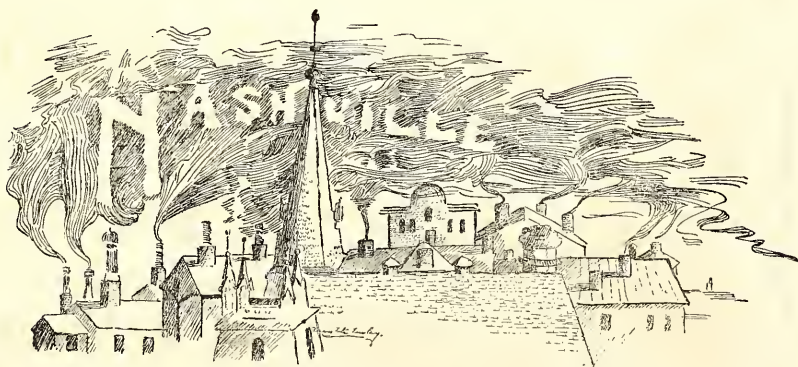
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M is for Music,
whose discord
and strain

From pianos below do
give us a pain.



N is for Nashville, the city of learning ;
Toward this great center the thousands
are turning.



O is for Order; how often we've heard,
 "Two in a line, no room for a third!"



P is for Pit-a-
 Pat, the
 cutest of creatures,

Who's just as well known as pupils or teachers.

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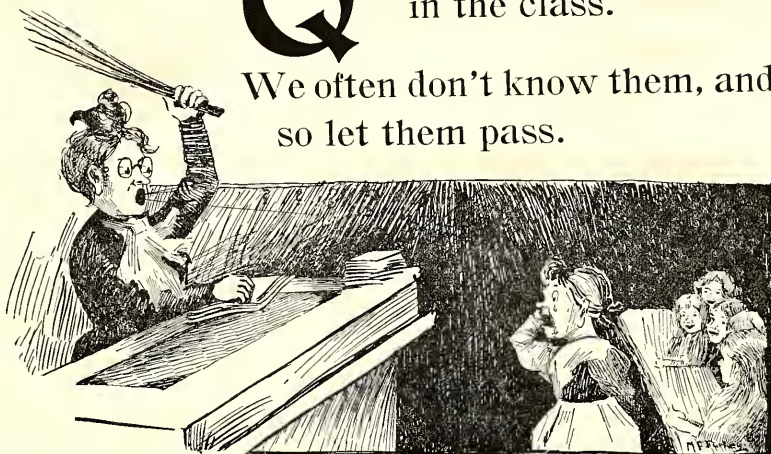


401 AND 402 WILLCOX BUILDING

NASHVILLE

Q is for Questions we get
in the class.

We often don't know them, and
so let them pass.



R is for Rosa, who waits at
the door,

Who takes up the flowers and
candy "galore."



S is for Seniors, the
heads of the school,

Who are never supposed
to break any rule.

T is for Thanksgiving, the day for
the game

That wins for old Vanderbilt glory
and fame.



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U is for ugliness, which none of
us own;

But perhaps it will visit us when
we are grown.

V is for Vanderbilt,
who the cannon
did paint;

Their names for this act
received not a taint.





W is for “Ward’s,”
a school of re-
nown;

It is by far the best of our
town.

X are values unknown,
Y And into the waste-
Z basket will have to
be thrown.



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We Know Our
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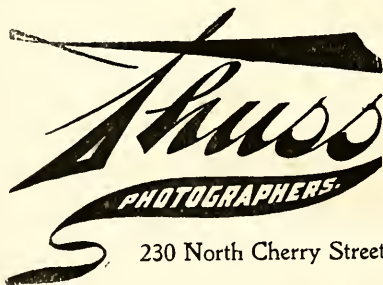
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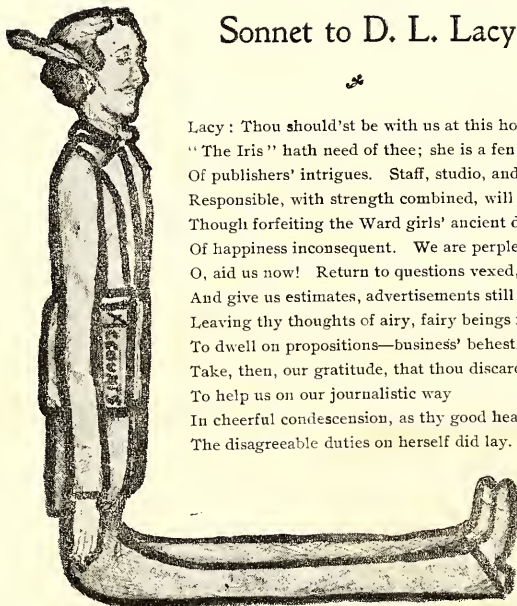
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New York
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a Bronze Medal
in 1897



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MADE BY THIS FIRM

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARD
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY
TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL



Sonnet to D. L. Lacy



Lacy : Thou should'st be with us at this hour.
"The Iris" hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of publishers' intrigues. Staff, studio, and pen
Responsible, with strength combined, will tower,
Though forfeiting the Ward girls' ancient dower
Of happiness insequent. We are perplexed;
O, aid us now! Return to questions vexed,
And give us estimates, advertisements still more,
Leaving thy thoughts of airy, fairy beings far apart
To dwell on propositions—business' behest.
Take, then, our gratitude, that thou discardest
To help us on our journalistic way
In cheerful condescension, as thy good heart
The disagreeable duties on herself did lay.

MUSIC

"Music hath charms," some one did sing,

"To soothe the savage breast."

O, if he knew how these halls ring—

Ring with a wild unrest

Of Études, Studies, Fugue, Sonata,

By Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann—

He'd think that savage was a martyr,

And that his ear was scarcely human,

If he were soothed by such wild sounds

As from the practice hall resounds.

—VIRGIE MONROE.

Music Weather Report for One Week

SUNDAY—Fair, but temperature falling toward night.

MONDAY—Zero!!!

TUESDAY (Bible Day)—Weather rather gloomy.

WEDNESDAY (Psychology Day)—Very threatening, with
a strong east wind blowing.

THURSDAY (Music Lesson Day)—Weather very uncertain.

FRIDAY—Fair, especially so toward noon.

SATURDAY—A perfect day!!!

—ST. C. C.

What two quotations from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" do Ward girls think Miss Jennings has memorized?

Cæsar to Antony:

"I shall remember."

Cæsar to Trebonius:

"What, Trebonius!

When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed."

First Little Girl (carrying in her hand a letter in a mourning envelope): "What do you suppose they put this black around the edge for?"

Second Little Girl (proudly): "Why, so it will go to the Dead Letter Office, of course."

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BON AQUA SPRINGS

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 53 miles west of Nashville; 200 miles east of Memphis.

SEWANEE

Sent of University of the South; 2,200 feet above sea level; 95 miles south of Nashville; 73 miles north of Chattanooga.

PYLANT SPRINGS

Near Tullahoma; 1,000 feet above sea level.

HURRICANE SPRINGS

Near Tullahoma; 1,000 feet above sea level.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

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NICHOLSON SPRINGS

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KINGSTON SPRINGS

Six hundred (600) feet above sea level; 25 miles west of Nashville.

BEAVER DAM SPRINGS

One thousand (1,000) feet above sea level; 8 miles from Kimmins.

HINSON SPRINGS

In West Tennessee; 100 miles east of Memphis.

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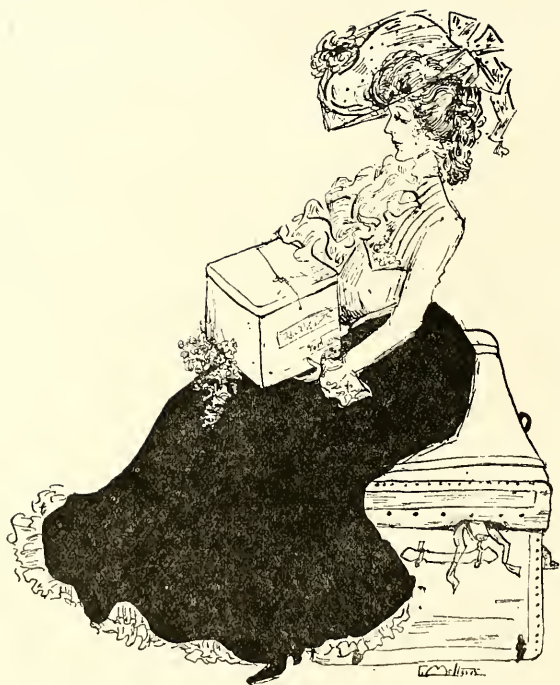


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